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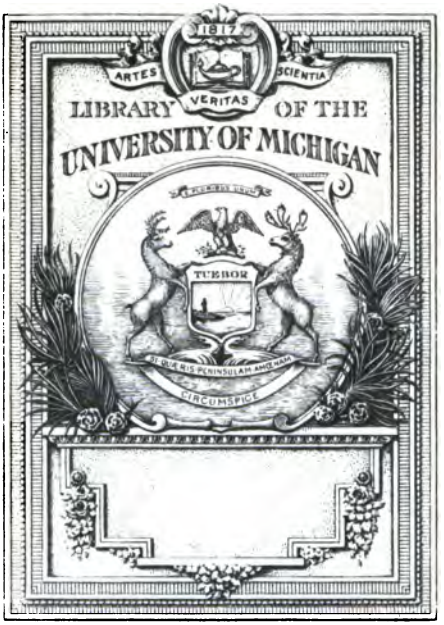
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WHITMAN'S IDEAL DEMOCRACY AND OTHER WRITINGS

Whitman's Ideal Democracy

AND OTHER WRITINGS

BY HELENA BORN

WITH A BIOGRAPHY BY
THE EDITOR, HELEN TUFTS

BOSTON, MASS.
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Give all to love;
Obey thy heart;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good-fame,
Plans, credit, and the Muse, —
Nothing refuse.

"'T is a brave master;
Let it have scope:
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope:
High and more high
It dives into noon,
With wing unspent,
Untold intent:
But it is a god,
Knows its own path
And the outlets of the sky.

"It was never for the mean;
It requireth courage stout.
Souls above doubt,
Valor unbending,
It will reward, —
They shall return
More than they were,
And ever ascending."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

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Biographical Introduction

HELENA BORN'S childhood was happy and uneventful. She was born in a Devonshire village May 11, 1860. An only child, she attended the day-school at Hatherleigh, receiving later the groundwork of a sound education in an academy at Taunton. She excelled in her studies, evinced a taste for mathematics, and looked longingly toward a college training. Though this ambition was never realized, the wide world became her university, wherein she was ever graduating from endeavor to achievement.

When her family moved to Bristol she advanced step by step into the broader currents of thought, but found herself struggling for expression against a well-nigh insuperable diffidence that was never entirely overcome, though in later years it became one of her sweetest and most lovable qualities. In Bristol Helena naturally entered the coterie of men and women who in the metropolis of the west of England eagerly followed the intellectual and public interests of the day. She became an active worker in the Bristol Women's Liberal Association, seeking freedom and equality for women through suffrage, civic reform, and political education, and for several years was a member of the Executive Committee of the Association.

A letter from an early friend affords a glimpse of Helena Born at this period. She writes:

"When we first met, Helena had just recently lost her mother, who had been like a sister to her. They had been perfect companions, and she felt her mother's death terribly. Being now her father's housekeeper, domestic duties took up a large part of her time. She often came home with me from rehearsals, and sometimes engaged in earnest conversation with my father on social and political topics. At that time she certainly had ideas of her own, expressing them in a rapid, nervous

manner. After a vigorous argument with father she would become silent, though not convinced by him, and would then end up with a laugh.

"Helena loved music, played the piano, and sang in the choir of the Oakfield Road Unitarian Church in Bristol, of which Mr. Hargreeves was pastor. She liked his preaching, which was of the broadest, but admired even more that of Stopford Brooke, who occupied the pulpit there for a short time.

"We attended a debating society attached to the church, and she would often force herself to rise and speak, if only a few words. Such was her extreme diffidence that I alone knew what the effort cost her. I remember how she enjoyed a whole day we spent together in the country. We walked miles and miles, and ate our lunch sitting up on a haymow. We sometimes went to dances together, and once went up to London to visit the Exhibition. She had many interests outside her home, devoting what time she could to them. Her people disapproved of her course in taking up public questions, which was a great trial to her, but did not affect her convictions or what she believed to be her duty."

Her intellectual interests, as represented by her reading, embraced a wide field. At sixteen she was already familiar with many popularly written works of science, besides the standard English authors. In succeeding years her studies included the works of Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and Haeckel. Economics she pursued through Bastiat and John Stuart Mill; while her theological tendencies are indicated by her reading of Ingersoll's orations, the writings of Bradlaugh, Thomas Paine, and Leslie Stephen. In literature her tastes led her to Browning, Lowell, George Eliot, Thackeray, Emerson, not to mention Swinburne, Shelley, Keats, and Lytton. Besides which she followed closely the leading monthly magazines and quarterly reviews. It was not till she was about twenty-eight years old that Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" came into her hands and, like Thoreau's writings, which through "Walden" she first knew a year afterwards, exerted a lasting

influence on her mind. About the same time she read the works of the engraver-poet William Blake, of Walter Pater, and the dramas of Ibsen. Edward Carpenter's "Towards Democracy" produced an unfading impression and always remained an intimate companion. She also read the social and economic writings of John Ruskin, besides most of the current works on socialism and kindred subjects.

Among Helena's associates in the Liberal Association was a woman about her own age, with whom an important period of her life became identified. No account of Helena Born would be complete without mention of Miriam Daniell. It was under her influence that Helena's energies burst into that flame of social consciousness that burned bright and pure to the end. To this beautiful, gifted woman she became united in ties of closest sympathy and comradeship.

Miriam was an artist, a poet, and a socialist. Her studies in economics, her intimate knowledge of the lives of the working people, and her deep sympathy with them in their efforts to improve their lot led naturally to her embracing the socialist gospel, then spreading amongst the advanced guard of the labor movement. In the course of frequent walks into the country in all weathers Miriam imparted to Helena her own enthusiasm. They were kindred souls, both richly endowed with the artistic temperament, and sought the natural beauties of field and flower, rain and sunshine, and in them found joy and inspiration. Thus could they comprehend the message of Thoreau and Whitman, whom they now read together, dreaming of the ideal fellowship.

Not only was Miriam herself an artist of no mean ability, but she had drawn within her circle gifted men and women, artists, musicians, those who cherished ideals, and to this atmosphere she introduced her dear friend. Like Miriam, Helena resided in Clifton, the fashionable suburb of Bristol. But both women held lightly their position among the privileged. Luxuries and all the fine things that wealth can secure for those who seek only comfort and pleasure were to them as dross. They held that social regeneration would come only through the sim-

plification of life. The useless and often baneful luxuries enjoyed by one class had their obverse in the want of even the simple necessaries of healthy existence from which another class suffered. Simplicity in dress, in house-furnishings, in tastes and habits, was therefore a cardinal tenet of their faith. It was furthermore in harmony with their artistic conceptions. As carried out by them there was beauty in simplicity, and it was a sound doctrine also from the point of personal hygiene. Applying it thus, they became vegetarians, for which course they adduced other reasons, ethical and humanitarian; so it happened that during all the years that followed both were earnest and consistent vegetarians.

But perhaps the chief consideration which led them to emphasize simplicity of life and carry it out in every direction was, as has been hinted, their socialistic view that a large part of the world's work was useless.

In ministering to artificial tastes, silly fashions, and unsocial customs, the labor of a considerable portion of the producing classes was utterly wasted; hence the producers themselves were exhausting their energies to supply the multitudinous demands of the idle rich, while unable to secure for themselves a sufficiency of wholesome sustenance.

It became the duty, therefore, of every one impressed with these views to make personal and united effort toward better economic conditions. It was not merely by theorizing, or by preaching, that these young women endeavored to spread the gospel of simplicity and naturalness in the daily life, but by personal example, the actual living of their ideal. This is the key-note of the later development of Helena Born's life.

Opportunity soon came to test their principles, as well as their fitness for the work that lay before them. First of all, a flood had visited the low-lying district of Bristol, where lived the very poor, and down among these went Miriam and Helena as the water receded, and here, in their endeavors to relieve the acute suffering, they learned how to gain the confidence of the humbler population. Not in the guise of charity, but

as co-workers, anxious to be of service, they sought to win the hearts of their less fortunate brothers and sisters.

Hard upon the flood came the awakening of the working people throughout the land, first manifested in the great London Dock Strike of 1889. The spirit of revolt was in the air, and penetrated to the remotest parts of England. Bristol soon became a center of agitation, and here was formed a branch of the Gas Workers' and General Laborers' Union, which was then uniting unskilled and hitherto unorganized labor in all parts of the country. Of the Bristol branch Helena Born became secretary and Miriam Daniell treasurer, both honorary offices. It was characteristic of the new labor movement that it absorbed the most earnest and energetic leaders in the socialist ranks. To the work of organization they brought a potent sense of the dignity no less than the solidarity of labor. They infused the movement with an ethical ideal having the compelling force of a religious conviction.

Under such influences the two friends entered upon the arduous task of securing, through agitation and organization, shorter hours, higher wages, and more equitable conditions for laborers of both sexes. Nor were their efforts unavailing. It was a period of commercial prosperity, and in several industries the demands of the wage-earners were granted. But in many cases strikes appeared to be the only means to gain concessions; and in every industrial center throughout Great Britain strikes became the order of the day. Not that the revolt was due to the activity of the agitators, who were themselves merely embodiments of the prevailing spirit of unrest, but it arose spontaneously amongst the toilers seeking a modicum of justice.

Miriam and Helena became active leaders in the movement in Bristol. They seemed to be needed everywhere at once. Every class of labor desiring to organize, every new strike, demanded their presence. As officers of the central council they were called upon to address meetings, lead parades, collect funds, distribute relief, encourage the timid, and restrain the violent during a period of immense popular excitement.

Through their incessant efforts funds were gathered from all parts of the country in aid of the strike of the Bristol cotton operatives. Night upon night, after days of unremitting activity, into the small hours they sat, counting the pennies taken up at local meetings and strike parades, and planning the judicious disbursement of the money among the needy strikers.

Sometime before this our friends had gone forth from their drawing-rooms and taken a small house in the heart of the working-class district. Here, while gaining the confidence and respect of the people, they set an example of practical simplicity in household matters, showing æsthetic possibilities in color and ingenious and artistic adaptation which were a revelation to their neighbors. With their own hands they tinted the walls of their rooms and waxed the uncarpeted floors, while from the most commonplace materials they improvised many articles of furniture and decoration, combining both beauty and utility. They had already joined the little socialist group of five or six enthusiasts who had undertaken to convert to their ideas the whole of Bristol. One of the original members, who then resided near the house occupied by Miriam and Helena, writes, "There was never such an institution as the Bristol Socialist Society. Whitman sings beautifully of loving comrades, but his verses do not begin to touch upon the real delight of the actual bliss of comradeship in practice."

Around the two devoted women in good sooth centered the spirit of loving comrades. Their home became a sort of headquarters of the socialist and labor movements of the day. From a letter written by Helena in the spring of 1890 to a cousin in rural Devon we catch a breath of the atmosphere in which the comrades then lived: —

9 Louisa Street, St. Philip's, Bristol,
Saturday, Noon.

Dearie: I have not heard from you since I last wrote, and my heart often longs for you that I might hold your hand in mine and give myself to you as I would give myself to all. Happiness only comes to us, dear, when we want

nothing for ourselves, and when our lives are in accord with the Great Spirit of Love which animates the universe. I hope you will like the little book, with its simple brown cover which pleases me much. The author [Edward Carpenter] will be in Bristol to-day to lecture to-morrow and Monday, and we expect he will be coming to visit us. I have made the floor of my room shine with extra brightness this morning, in anticipation, with aid of a little beeswax, "turps," and "elbow-grease." For the next few hours I shall be discreetly inhospitable, in view of the muddy pavements outside.

Work keeps just as plenty as ever. We had three days at Christmas for long country walks, which we much enjoyed, in spite of the ever-present mud; and now we are busy organizing the tailoresses, and have two or three committees and other meetings each evening. The work is pretty hard and involves considerable mental strain, but it has many compensations. It helps one greatly to be associated with men who really *love*, who give themselves with so much unselfishness to the cause which they believe in, and are true to their principles in the face of every danger. We have many *friends*. One shoemaker, for instance, very poor, who has a sick wife and children, begged to be allowed to make our boots for nothing. Of course we shall not avail ourselves. Another man who has been out of work for some time on account of the part he has taken in the movement sent us a fine hamper of vegetables for Christmas.

WEDNESDAY, MIDNIGHT. — This afternoon A. W., one of my Clifton friends, came to tea with me, and we had a pleasant talk together. To-morrow morning I shall be in the kitchen at White Ladies Road [her father's home in Clifton] making the weekly pies and cakes. . . .

I think, dear child, I have written as much as you will care to read this time. Yours ever,

LENA.

Amongst their conventional friends the attitude of Miriam and Helena in allying themselves so unmistakably with the laboring folk brought forth much criticism and remonstrance. By Helena this disapproval of her course by old and respected friends was sorely felt, but she never flinched from the path that duty marked out for her. The situation at this period is elucidated in a forcible defence of her position written by Helena to one of her friends of the Women's Liberal Association:

"I have had ample opportunity of observing the attitude of the socialist leaders in Bristol, and I have no hesitation in saying that their antagonism is not directed toward individuals of the capitalist or any other class, but against the present competitive system. They are men who sacrifice cheerfully and persistently for ideals which few would deny to be noble. . . .

"Equality and freedom for women is one phase only of an ideal of universal freedom and equality. I have not taken up a new position without carefully thinking it out. If at any time I see beyond, I shall be prepared to abandon it.

"The principles of socialism, as I understand them, seem to me economically incontrovertible, and to comprise spiritual ideals of unity and brotherhood which alone can transmute the materialism of our time. And I feel that the only effectual way to convince others of the truth of one's principles, and to bring about the new time, is by living them. . . .

"It is uphill work, but we cannot isolate ourselves from the mass. Society may be regarded as an organism, pain or disease in any part of which injures every individual member. The soul that allows its secret impulses to be overruled and follows not its *highest* must inevitably become perverted. I hold that no efforts made in the spirit of love can be entirely unavailing, and that we may thus deliver the truth that is in us without any afterthought of results. To the loyal there is a joy, as Whitman says, in 'being tossed in the brave turmoil of these times.'

"Our union is one of the few unions initiated by men which accords women full representation on its councils, and has included among its objects the obtaining, wherever possible, the same wages for women doing the same work as men. You know I am in favor of men and women working hand in hand whenever practicable, instead of in separate organizations, which tend to favor an unnatural antagonism."

Though favoring strikes only as a last resort, Helena and her comrades found themselves the active leaders of the Bristol cotton operatives, whom they had organized, in a fight for better wages, which succeeded

after a long and desperate struggle. Into these few months were crowded so much strenuous effort and exhausting labor that Helena, sustained throughout by an exalted enthusiasm, had neither time nor inclination to keep a record of events, and could never in later years recall the details of her life at this period, so as to furnish a consecutive story. After the cotton workers' strike was won she conceived the idea of organizing the ill-paid seamstresses who worked in their homes scattered over the country around Bristol. These women were perhaps the most unfortunate victims of commercialism to be found in the ranks of the workers. For a miserable pittance they slaved all day and far into the night. Their very poverty and helplessness, while appealing with added urgency to Helena's sympathies, rendered her task not only more difficult, but less likely to prove a success. Week after week she labored hopefully in the good cause. From house to house she passed, striving to arouse interest in the union. It was no uncommon day's work for her to tramp thirty miles, scouring the country on her self-imposed mission. An organization was effected, but the nature of the membership, made up of women who carried home their work, hence remaining always strangers to one another, proved an obstacle so serious that little seems then to have been accomplished. It was pioneer work, and the subsequent success of women's labor unions, even in sweated industries, justified the effort.

If this phase of Helena's life was one of self-denial and arduous labor, it was also a time of self-realization and much happiness. There was an inspiration in the "real delight of comradeship" whose memory she ever after cherished. Though class feeling then as now was dominant in England, among the socialist comrades it had no place. The intimate associates of Miriam and Helena were simple, earnest, and equally devoted laboring men and women. Small wonder that the enthusiasm generated in such an atmosphere should burn undimmed throughout a lifetime. Certain it is that after long years of separation the endearing personalities of these kindly spirits remained in Helena's mind fresh and vivid.

A change was now at hand, which meant the sundering of old rela-

tionships, leaving familiar associations, and taking a decisive plunge into new and untried paths. After a year of activity in the labor movements during which the two friends, both in their public work and their domestic life, were inseparable companions, Miriam determined to leave England. An unhappy marriage of many years before doubtless precipitated this decision. When Miriam asked her dearest friend to accompany her to America Helena did not hesitate over her course. Both had dreamed of a pilgrimage to the land of Emerson and Thoreau and Whitman. Their opportunity to realize the dream had come, and the two women set forth in the autumn of 1890 for Boston.

Helena's devotion to her friend is aptly pictured by a comrade who was closely associated with them during all that stormy period in Bristol:

"Helena was always the same quiet, thoughtful person, never displaying much outward enthusiasm, but never idle. Miriam was a fiery enthusiast, whose vital forces could not be suppressed. Though true as steel to the cause, she had a tendency to drift off into new and untried projects. She feared nothing.

"To such a spirit Helena, cool, balanced, self-controlled, proved an invaluable companion. No less self-sacrificing than Miriam, her ideal, were equally lofty, while her unobtrusive counsel and loving rebukes, diffidently conveyed, as if in fun, were the modulating influence ever present upon the high-strung, impetuous soul of her friend.

"The regard which Miriam excited in those who came in close contact with her bordered upon reverence. Our Bristol socialists all felt that kind of influence, and no amount of kicking over the conventional traces seemed to affect our regard for her, except to increase it. As some said, her heart was as big as her body, and that heart always aflame with irresistible love. To Helena's regard for her there was an added devotion which it was grand to know. If we ever meet Miriam in the spiritual world she will have her arms around Helena's neck and declare that she was the dearest friend, the most helpful companion, the one who understood her best — and Helena will not believe it."

Long before they left Bristol the gulf between them and the circles in which they once moved had grown so wide that no attempt was made to bridge it. Though many of their former associates professed an interest in social reform, the emancipation of women, and kindred ideas, none of them stood ready to abandon the privileges of their comfortable security for the struggle which involved self-support no less than the uplifting of the mass. Miriam and Helena were criticised, censured, and condemned for adopting the extreme course to which they were impelled by their convictions. While some of their whilom friends mildly disapproved, others completely turned their backs on the two brave women. "Slumming" as a novel diversion, it is true, occasionally becomes the fashion; but to take up one's abode deliberately amid ignorance and want, to fraternize with strikers, above all, by socialistic agitation to set class against class is conduct manifestly out of harmony with the conventional proprieties, and might well shock the finer sensibilities of good society.

The musical, artistic, and literary circles, which the two comrades so much enjoyed, knew them no more. Satisfied with their new friends amongst the humble toilers, they yet yearned for the better time when it would no longer be deemed a social crime to live in accordance with one's highest aspirations. In leaving England, therefore, it was not without mingled feelings of uncertainty, regret, and hope that they finally broke with old ties and faced a new and unknown world of strangers.

They first took up their abode in Cambridge. The town of Concord attracted them, rather for its literary than for its historic associations. Many a time they walked together from Cambridge to Walden Pond, seldom omitting a hasty plunge in its placid waters, lingering over landmarks grown familiar to them through Thoreau. Among their earliest sources of delight in the new land were the beautiful and gorgeous colors of the autumn foliage. In England they had never seen such wealth of arboreal color. But it was while still in England that the artist soul of Miriam had awakened in Helena that appreciation of the æsthetic which

grew to be a passion. Color, to whose possibilities most of us are indifferent, was to them a veritable religion. They revelled in it. Harmony of color symbolized harmony of life. It became an expression of personality. As Helena once expressed it: "It is to be out in the fields and recognize your friend, no matter how far off, by the coloring of dress which means that one alone."

There was, however, an unæsthetic, practical side to life that even such idealists as Helena and Miriam could not ignore. A fundamental canon of their creed was that every individual should do some kind of useful work. To live idly upon an unearned income, in their eyes, meant living as social parasites upon others. A word from Helena at this time and she would have been provided with sufficient means to supply her needs; but she was determined no longer to avail herself of her material advantages. Cast thus by choice upon her own resources, she must straightway learn a trade to live by, this provision in the scheme of her early education having been deemed superfluous. So shortly after her arrival in America we find her at work in a Boston printing-office. Here she served three months gratis in order to learn typesetting. The probation was not wasted, for she next appears at the case on a Waltham newspaper, where she remained several months, earning seven or eight dollars a week, while daily going to and fro between Waltham and Cambridge.

In a letter to her cousin in Devonshire written during her apprenticeship, she says:

"I am studying hard now in order to make myself as useful a member of society as I can. I have commenced to learn a trade so as to have one thing that I know thoroughly to fall back upon. . . . I start from home at 7 A.M. daily, and arrive home at the same hour in the evening. I have a three and one-half mile walk each way, passing over the beautiful Charles River, and across the Common, by the lake; but I take an electric car home three evenings during the week, in order to be in time for the classes I am attending at the High School in Cam-

bridge. I am taking bookkeeping and advanced French, and find them very pleasant. My cooking, sewing, scrubbing, correspondence, etc., I get in when I can at odd times, and so I have, as you may suppose, to cut my garments according to my cloth. . . . But if one is really to accomplish anything in one's life-work the first lesson to be learnt is to give up *some* pleasures and concentrate one's energies. I like my work very well, and have got on well thus far. . . . It does not so much matter what the work is as the spirit in which it is done. If done with a view to helping others, and not from selfish ends merely, *then* will it be blessed. We are well and comfortable in our quiet, restful home. There is a great deal to see and to be learnt. Went to the pine woods on our last holiday and enjoyed the sweet country and gorgeous autumn leaves."

In another to the same friend a month later, she writes:

"I trust that you are having a happy life, dear child, happy in loving and helping others, without wanting anything for self, — walking through the world with calm, undisturbed soul, loving all, as Christ loved, and excluding none. It is not thus that the world loves, hence the feverish unrest, the desire to accumulate material wealth; but to such the pure joys of the spirit, which may be ours if we will, come not. Happiness depends on ourselves and the life within, not on external circumstances; and the first essential is to obtain complete self-control. I am trying hard myself, and you can help me if you will by being true to what seems to you highest."

Miriam, meanwhile, in her efforts to make the pot boil was confined to decorative painting, which, with her inexperience in finding a market, she found insuperably hard to transmute into coin. Besides she felt it incumbent on her to remain at home to care for her child, Sunrise. Save for the Walden pilgrimages afoot, numerous tramps into the woods of Arlington, visits to the Boston Art Museum, and attendance at lectures open to the public at Harvard, the first year of their life in Cambridge was outwardly uneventful. After the turmoil, strife, and pub-

licity they had passed through in England they were singularly retiring now and held aloof from all but a few whom kindred interests and a warm appreciation of Miriam's intellectual brilliancy had brought within their circle.

At her daily avocation Helena made steady progress, becoming so skilful at the case that she gave up her first position on the Waltham paper for a place in a Boston office, later obtaining a more desirable situation near her home in Cambridge. Miriam utilized her spare moments to turn off a prodigious amount and variety of literary product, poems, sketches, short stories, essays, most of which were dominated by radical tendencies too decided to make acceptable copy for the average editor. Many of these little gems, satirical, scathing, pathetic, humorous, by turns, found their way during 1892–93 into such non-commercial publications as *Liberty* and *Twentieth Century*. About the beginning of 1892 Helena visited her friends in England, while Miriam left Cambridge for New York, where, in the office of *Liberty*, she too learned typesetting.

For Helena the vacation of nearly a year that she now enjoyed became a fruitful season both in opportunities for intellectual growth and the making of new and valiant friends. After spending some time with her father in Bristol and renewing her associations with old comrades, she went to Edinburgh in order to attend the noted Summer School connected with the University. Here she became a close student of Prof. Patrick Geddes's courses in biology and sociology, taking copious notes of the twenty-three lectures devoted to each subject, the results of which are still preserved in Helena's characteristic chirography in a little book which is a monument of compactness as well as a mine of instruction. But the study of sociology and its biological basis sufficed not to satisfy her thirst for knowledge, for she at the same time took the course in zoölogy under Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, besides another in botany.

Professor Geddes's keen insight and human sympathy delighted her

no less than his erudition in dealing with the social and economic problems which to her were of more moment than all merely scientific and intellectual interests. In a word, this summer sojourn in the beautiful and historic Scottish capital, associated with congenial and earnest men and women, formed a memorable and happy experience in her life.

When Helena rejoined Miriam in New York she found her in the midst of the cholera scare, ready to rush back to Cambridge. So thither they returned. It would perhaps be putting the situation too strongly to say that Helena in all her plans was dominated by the forceful and magnetic personality of Miriam, but at least it is certain that her love for Miriam and the child, Sunrise, was a tie that outweighed every other consideration. Personal comfort and self-interest were sacrificed without stint in their behalf. With Miriam's intense mother-love went a tendency to conjure up imaginary dangers. Her mind was in constant terror lest some calamity should befall the child. It needed all Helena's practical good sense to mollify Miriam's fears and restrain her ill-judged impetuosity. It was the mother's custom to wash daily every garment of the Jægar woolenwear that Sunrise wore. She likewise insisted that the floors of their rooms, which were uncarpeted, must be scrubbed on hands and knees every morning. In compliance with this desire Helena often performed the task before going to her daily work; and so exacting was the toil which, in carrying out her domestic routine, occupied Miriam, that Helena even found it necessary to prepare her own meals after she returned in the evening. It is almost indubitable that many of Miriam's idiosyncrasies and apparent unreasonableness during this trying time were due largely to ill-health, the incipient symptoms of physical collapse. But her stout heart and unconquerable spirit buoyed her up even against death itself.

Amongst Miriam's long-treasured projects was one that contemplated an Arcadian socialist colony. An Englishman of her acquaintance had already acquired a ranch in California, some forty miles from Sacramento, which was designed to form the nucleus of the future Utopia.

Visiting the comrades in Cambridge on one occasion, his glowing picture of life in the Sierras, coupled with an invitation to hasten across the continent and on the ranch begin the projected social experiment, so effectively fired Miriam's imagination that the Western pilgrimage was only a question of means and opportunity. To breathe the pure air of freedom, removed from the squalor and materialism of commercial civilization — was not this the enchanting dream, the cherished ideal, of Miriam's poetic soul? And it all seemed possible, almost within reach, away on the lonely Sierras.

Pressed by the fatalities of her unhappy marriage, which had exiled her from England, Miriam suddenly hurried off to California. Again did Helena cast to the winds every consideration but that of faithful friendship. Having worked her way in the printing-office to a responsible executive position, she nevertheless gave up this desirable means of livelihood in response to the urgent appeal of her harassed friend, and accompanied her to the West. Though both her inclination and judgment were against this precipitate flight, yet Helena felt that the time had come when all the comradeship and devotion of which she was capable must be freely given to Miriam.

In the late fall of 1893 they reached the foothills of the Sierras. Arriving without warning to those already on the ranch, where no accessions were expected before the following spring, it is not surprising that the inevitable discomforts and hardships of pioneer life should have sapped the enthusiasm of the dreamers. The ranch was beautifully located in the hills, among tall pines, with the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada range fringing the far-off horizon. A fork of the American River glided swiftly along, while within easy walking distance the silent grandeur of a deep, chaotic cañon allured the votaries of nature.

The nearest human habitation lay over a mile away. One day, while out exploring the winding river, Miriam came upon three huts at the head of the cañon, in one of which lived a woman who had chosen this lonely spot because she "loved nature and wanted to get away from so-

ciety, with its foolish requirements and insincerity." The hermit was Miss Osborne, who, "living upon the fruits of the earth," and gowned in sackcloth, deeply impressed the visitor by her unique way of attaining spirituality. "When I turned to go," wrote Miriam, "I took her worn hand and put it to my lips. I had no need to ask who the empty huts were for. I knew that they were built and waiting for women of magnetic spirit who had weighed modern life and found it wanting."

There was plenty of hard work during that winter on the ranch; yet the æsthetic side of things was not forgotten. Inside, the cabin was decorated in characteristic fashion. Paintings in oils and water-colors adorned the walls, and gay china, and books on improvised shelves offset the scantiness of the furnishings. On the hills Helena found an abundance of mushrooms, which proved a welcome addition to their simple fare. She thus renewed her interest in edible fungi, cultivating her knowledge to such purpose that she thereafter became an expert in practical mycology.

Even before leaving Cambridge Miriam had premonitions of the end that so relentlessly overtook her. Feeling that her life would soon be cut short, she now began to set her affairs in order, laying plans for the education and future of her child. At length her sufferings compelled her to seek relief in San Francisco, where she entered a hospital.

This was the close of a full, intense, romantic life. Miriam Daniell was born a dreamer. A beautiful, spirited creature, she wandered with her head in the clouds, yet saw with acute vision into the reasons underlying much of human suffering. She was an idealist, extremely sensitive, high-strung, and imperious. Living out her life in defiance of custom and her own upbringing, she ruptured all ties that were less than those of perfect sympathy, and exulted in the hardships to which her course fated her. Dominating the many, loved by the few, she moved in isolation of spirit, fulfilling a destiny in which mingled the gray and gold of tragedy and passionate enthusiasms.

Upon Miriam's departure, Helena had remained behind in the moun-

tains, only to be a helpless witness of the destruction by fire of the cabin and all its contents. Miriam, in a letter from San Francisco, describes the occurrence:

"Since I last wrote you the ranch has vanished. Smoke was seen and a few tongues of flame hungrily licking the outside of the roof. . . . In a second the place was a whirlpool of flames. . . . I lost all my books, many of them authors' presentations and picked editions not to be measured by money standards in their worth to me, vases and pottery which had belonged to my grandmother, and years of work in oil-paintings which I may not hope to do again for my child. Truly it is well we do not anchor to things. . . . In fifteen minutes everything had gone, only, smouldering, the lazy smoke blew down the cañon and wreathed about the hilltops quietly. It was over."

Helena's loss as well was total. A catastrophe of this kind cannot fail to leave its impress on character. Helena would afterwards say, "One needs such an experience, if only once in a lifetime, to teach self-dependence and the futility of relying on material things for happiness."

Miriam's death followed almost immediately, April 19, 1894, and all that had bound Helena to the West had vanished.

Her return to Cambridge marked the beginning of a new epoch, for in the growth of that free spirit and unique individuality during the years that followed lies the chief value of Helena Born's life. Rudely torn from the interests that had absorbed her, she faced the loneliness of her future with a mind tuned to the achieving of a serene and hopeful self-poise. This experience added to her personality a quality that irresistibly attracted and inspirited. There are not a few who date a deeper insight into human striving, a happier facing of life's uncertainties, from a first meeting with Helena Born in this period of her life. Her attitude toward every vital question, toward every earnest man or woman who desired her friendship, was frank, open, sincere. She sought after truth because it meant life more complete, free, and on a higher plane for all; she strove for beauty because it added to the fullness of life; she advocated social

and economic emancipation, including men no less than women, because she deemed this the first and essential step. From this time on her life moved in paths of her own hewing, and though outwardly uneventful, was replete with fullest realization.

Quietly resuming her career of labor, in the late spring of 1894 she rented a small room in Somerville and, living very simply and economically, was at length enabled to repair in some degree the disaster that swept away her belongings in California. As, in all circumstances, Helena gave tone and color to her environment, so this little room grew around her, and to the friends who knew her, fitted her as the bark fits its twig.

Wood-carving was one of her sources of recreation during this time. She made her own designs and stains, and no simplest tray or butter-box but she laid her tools to it. She bound, too, many of her books, expending considerable ingenuity in embroidering the covers. Another pursuit affording her especial delight was the study of mushrooms. The fungi were peculiarly attractive to Helena on account of their beauty, their utility, and the interest of their life-histories. Holidays found her far afield for them, or she spied them out as she went to and from her daily work. She classified them, drew them, and tested more than thirty varieties.

In 1894 a branch of the Walt Whitman Fellowship was formed in Boston, and among its early members was Helena. Many of the essays included in this volume were first read before this organization. The Fellowship meant a great deal to her, and she had a considerable share in determining the character of its meetings. She will be especially associated with the open-air birthday commemorations in the minds of this group, to whom Walt's enthusiasm for the open air took on new meaning through her gladness in nature. She served on the International Council of the Fellowship, for two years kept the records of the Boston branch as secretary, and at the time of her death was president of the branch.

"We look with hope and confidence to the future," she wrote to the International Birthday Commemoration in Manhattan, 1898, "that

it shall be shaped by the ideals by which we are linked together. Touched by the personal potency of 'Leaves of Grass,' we may each see something as Whitman saw; we may attain, as he did, to a consciousness of the beauty, majesty, and completeness of life, and with convincing presence proclaim the worth of freedom and individuality. It is our joy to be the Great Companions of the few, equals indifferent of lands, indifferent of times — to gather together not as sectarians, but in inclusive unity with the universal, honoring Whitman's memory not as followers, but as pioneers."

As when in Edinburgh, in the rich coloring of her simple garments she had symbolized her inward joy and spiritual harmony with her surroundings, so for Walt she always donned her best and gayest garb.

She was a striking figure. Her expressive face glowing with the high color she had brought from England, and furthermore, lighted by a pair of large, bright, dark eyes; her alert movements; her dress always so different from that decreed by fashion;— inevitably she arrested attention, attracting by her loving enthusiasm and sincerity, or as strongly repelling by her unconventionalities.

Inclusive as Whitman himself in love of her fellows, her ideals of friendship were exacting. Friendship had value to her only as it was spontaneous; never demanding friends, she took them simply, but nothing gave her more joy than to find the stream of sympathy pure and lasting. "Love is the main fact of life," she was wont to say, "and the full measure that comes to me unsought compensates for much."

The spirit of an undertaking was always more to Helena than the name it went by; and it is interesting to have her view of the various forms of social effort appealing for her exclusive support:

"With me social effort is (somewhat as love is) its own fulfilment, irrespective of success. . . . In bringing about the new order, I am willing to further any of the various plans that commend themselves to diverse adherents of the several schools of thought, if they are born of

love of liberty, if I find myself in accord with the spirit in which they are conceived, and if I can do so without being bound. No one plan is necessary for the regeneration of society, and yet all are needed and may share in the work."

To the end of her life Helena accepted the name of "socialist," taking the term in its widest sense; but socialism, as it worked through customary channels, had less and less of her sympathy. A disinclination to sacrifice individuality to a system was confirmed by the invaluable experience of a practical life, and in after-years she grew into the principles of philosophical anarchism.

The following letter, written toward the close of 1897, while unimportant, is inserted because characteristic and one of the few that survive:

A good comrade in the North of England whom I have never seen writes to me sometimes, not because he has anything particular to say, but because he feels to know me well enough to express to me without restraint, and it is a pleasure to meet on the ideal plane. Such sympathy widens one's outlook and fortifies one to meet antagonism.

In like manner I avail myself of this idle hour to greet you, not because I have aught of importance to make known, but rather as an excuse for letting myself "go," and not denying my impulse. There is so little room for spontaneity in life. . . .

There are disadvantages to unconventionality — the conventional person always remembers to say the polite thing (often insincerely enough!), while the natural man is apt to be too absorbed in the joy of the moment to be mindful of past obligations which were sincerely realized. . . .

I might have known I was not the original described to you by ——. Of course at his age he would only notice *young* women. I always find so much character in the faces of the old or mature to interest me that I forget the standpoint of youth. . . .

I don't believe there is any danger of being "grabbed" unless you suggest it to people hypothetically by being scared. Just be fearless and repellent, as I am, and nothing will happen. . . . Just you keep on; there's nothing like it.

I am sending a little Schreiner bookie, with my love and cheery goodwill. . . .

I am up to my eyes in work just now, but I hope not to be perpetually. I hope you will let me see as much of you as you can spare time for; that is, if you can put up with my picnic-like arrangements after your own well-ordered environment.

In the spring of 1898 an opportunity offered to try her hand at farming in New Hampshire. Inclining to an outdoor life, the free sun and air, the dealing direct with nature, the joys of the fertile soil, strongly appealed to her, and she heartily entered into the scheme of her landed friend.

EPSOM, N. H., April 24, 1898.

Dear E——: It was very pleasant and cheery to find your greeting awaiting me on my arrival. The Emerson quotations were unfamiliar to me; they are excellent and quite educational for P. O. officials, who of course in a district of such dimensions avail themselves of every opportunity for the improvement of their minds.

A stormy day — but with the blazing wood crackling merrily on the new andirons which grace our hearth, and a bouquet of "Mayflowers" exhaling fragrance at my elbow, life is not without charm, and the whistling wind is quite orchestral at times. Our house is a few yards below the summit of our hill, which commands a magnificent prospect, and for a secluded country retreat I would wish for nothing better. The air is delightfully invigorating, and now I have mostly unpacked my freight I hope to revel in it to my heart's content. . . . Thursday I dug the salsify and parsnips; one of the latter weighed two pounds, five ounces. I hope mine will do as well. We have plenty of work ahead, and I hope you will come along and encourage us with your approval. Meanwhile I am a farmer first and a correspondent a long way afterwards. . . . I have introduced J—— to various invented salads, and her admiration for my ingenuity is dependent upon her escape from poisoning. . . .

By the way, if you know any one with an abundance of discarded gloves you might invite them to contribute, and I will be glad to wear them out instead of my hands. Men's are good, because they are roomy. Only don't

tell H——, as she believes in vegetarian gloves and will scorn my concession to the practical. But having already nearly cut off the top of one of my fingers, I refrain, *pro tem.*, from walking with my nose too high in the air. . . .

Were you at the Fellowship meeting last Thursday? Tell me about it, if you were. . . . I have lots to think of — I don't feel away from people at all, being rich in love and sympathy.

Joyously and lovingly.

June 25, 1898.

Dear Friend: The spirit of the farmer has at length entered into mine, and since my hoeing I survey my furrows with pride. I planted a bushel and a half of potatoes and, as you may know, that covers quite a big patch. I have been hoeing potatoes and hoeing potatoes. They have to be hoed twice, and I have great pleasure in informing you that to-day I hoed the last row the second time. Then, by way of recreation, I hoe beans, corn, squash, melons, tomatoes, turnips, onions, artichokes, beets, parsnips, peas, pumpkins, and other luscious edibles, which are doing fairly well. Radishes have been crisp and abundant, and my garden has also furnished the table with turnip-greens, lettuce, cress, spinach. I have been busy this week transplanting cabbage-plants, Brussels sprouts, and tomatoes. The lentils have just appeared above ground, and the peanuts have not emerged from their privacy. The buckwheat-field is commencing to bloom, and weeds have a merciless reception. . . . My hands become a little stiff at times, and when my back doubles up I put myself flat on the grass for a few moments. I enjoy the outdoor work very much in the bracing mountain air, and feel encouraged to experiment further on my own account in Massachusetts or some other convenient location — sometime. . . .

It is unlikely that my mushroom bed will be a success, as I could not give it proper attention. The sunflowers, nasturtiums, and sweet peas will be gay later, and you ought to see the new stone wall. Nothing could be more fitting in this rocky region, but the residents favor the modern wire fence, alas! B—— would enjoy the barn, I am sure. The barn-chamber is chiefly occupied by the swallows — pretty, graceful fellows! We have a gentle little cow, eleven hens, and a cock — all quite companionable.

With loving thoughts of you all.

In her first conceived plan this experiment was to have been preliminary to a settled residence in some country spot where her food might come straight from her own tillage, her cottage the home of simple comradeships; but the summer she passed in Epsom witnessed Helena's final attempt to materialize those visions of the ideal community life which she had shared with Miriam. Any lingering illusion she may have entertained regarding the feasibility of such a project was dispelled by this five-months' hand-to-hand contest with nature, and in the fall she returned once more to the life of the city.

During the next two years — all that remained to her — she lived in Boston, finding little time to spare for recreation from her daily toil, yet producing during this time her best literary work and living a life of noble elevation and completeness. Suddenly and mysteriously attacked by a fatal disease, the first pangs of parting subdued, calmly she bade farewell to life and all the joy, present and to come, that it held for her. "Death is good, too," she said. She passed away February 27, 1901. A few days later her body was given to the flames, and her ashes lie scattered on the shore of Walden Pond.

As the story of her achievements is one of unfolding and consistent advance, as she rose higher and higher to meet the greater requirements that always came, so in death she reached the culmination of life. To the very end, in the things of the spirit she was rich and triumphant; flooding over her anguish of body came anew a sense of fellowship with humanity; an intense joy in love universal that filled and sustained her.

"Of her it must not be said," writes a friend, "that she was a product of her environment and of circumstances, for she largely had a hand in making both. She was an artist; life in her hands was plastic material, she shaped it lovingly and with a high purpose." What that purpose was is clear in her writings. She believed that this world could be made better, the lives of men fairer, sweeter, brighter, not alone by sweeping social changes from without, but primarily by the conscious effort of every individual to attain that development of character which

his opportunities permitted and his ideals demanded. "To be fluid, free, receptive, ready to sacrifice personal gain and comfort for large issues — these are conditions of growth independent of externals," was one of her sayings, as was a thought of Maeterlinck's which she was wont to quote: "Our ideal will never be met with in life unless we have first achieved it within us to the fullest extent in our power."

From a spontaneous tribute penned by one of Helena's friends we quote:

"To love truth in the abstract is not such a rare quality; but to love truth and to live it, even in the smallest details, shows a combination not easy to find. The truth-lover is often intolerant and sometimes fails to speak in a friendly manner of what he deems to be error on the part of another. The warm-hearted, earnest, courageous, truth-lover Helena Born showed that it was possible to follow in paths thorny and devious what she deemed to be the truth and yet maintain a human and kindly interest in those who travelled on other roads.

"With what vigor she lived and loved, with what faith and courage she faced her ideals and disappointments! Such a spirit can never die; its life influence is immortal. Wherever the longing for freedom, the aspiration for truth, the courage of conviction, are found, there will be felt the influence of the ideals for which Helena lived."

"She was a singularly complete personality," says another who knew her well. "Rarely does one find a more harmonious development of body, mind, and soul. No part of her nature seemed to be stunted, starved, or undeveloped. It was as if she were continually reaching out with invisible tentacles in all directions to draw to herself her own, that which belonged to her by right of natural endowment.

"Her intellectual attainments were of a very high order, but she never allowed her intellectual development to stand in the way of soul-growth. She had an ardent love for the beautiful, especially for beautiful color, and artistic expression was a natural necessity. But to her, art was not something to be set apart from life, to be enjoyed only occasion-

ally, but it was a living reality always. She therefore gave her æsthetic nature its fling, and her home became a poem of artistic expression. Objects of daily use were beautiful in form and rich in color, and her personality partook of her individual tastes.

"But the greatest characteristic, the most admirable part of Helena Born, was her fearless, independent spirit. She seems all her life to have unwittingly followed Walt Whitman's injunction to inure one's self to 'pluck, reality, self-esteem, definiteness, elevatedness.' She knew too well all the hollowness and sham of conventional society. She could not be a part of it. And she lived her own life, naturally, without straining for effect, and gave full expression to her individuality. She did nothing for effect, nothing for notoriety; she never posed. Her ideal of conduct was spontaneity. She had no choice but to live her convictions, and she always strove to live her highest. Did this highest conflict with conventional forms and customs, so much the worse for conventionality.

"Hers was certainly the experimental life: there were no rut marks on her. She always *lived*, never vegetated. Had her life been spared she would never have grown old."

Cheery, inspiriting Helena Born cannot be translated to paper. That, with the help of what may be read between the lines of her own writings, an image may be outlined embodying something of that glowing spirit and the steadfast aspiration which was the foundation of her life, is the hope and wish of one whose privilege it was to know how well she lived.

H. T.

Boston, April, 1902.

Welcome

Comrades, Friends, Lovers, in unison vibrating,
Magnet-drawn hitherward 'cross land or sea,
Seen or invisible, silent or speechful,
Hand holding hand, — happy with me!
Fearless in spirit, true to high purpose,
Self-poised and steadfast,—gods shall ye be!

Greeting

Reverently enter soul to meet with soul,
With body unified, divinely free;
Yourself, the real, above conventions hoist,
As nature's child, glad in simplicity.
If harmony you find, associations rich and symbols rare,
Attune yourself with love and sympathy.
In frankness ever greet and spontaneity;
Let coldness and distrust for aye excluded be.

Whitman's Ideal Democracy

WHITMAN was so much more than the mere exponent of democracy that when he uses the words "America" and "democracy" as convertible terms it is obvious that he refers not to the existing condition of society in these States, but to a more or less remote future. He is careful to state this, so that the caution sometimes given not to accept as an equivalent for democracy the present system of representative government should be entirely superfluous. "Democratic Vistas," the title of his prose contribution to our theme, aptly enough signalizes his attitude. Away, away into the distance, stretch his vistas, and it is by reason of his far-sightedness that he reveals to us so much that is beyond our present attainments. The prevailing delusion in regard to free political institutions and material prosperity was apparent to him, and should be so to all who accept his diagnosis of the social order. An unprecedented material success, which is national and purchased at the cost of individuals, accords little with a philosophy based on a fine conception of individuality. The majority of the workers to-day are engaged in occupations that are irksome and hence devoid of beauty, while the dependent classes — those living on others' labor, commonly called "independent" — are leading abnormal lives which force their productive energies into artificial channels. As Edward Carpenter points out, "the outer life of society . . . is animated first and foremost by fear," — at one extreme the dread of starvation, at the other the dread of losing commercially acquired wealth.

Thus, the social organism, while it grows to vaster and vaster proportions, is deficient in that in which it should be supreme — deficient in soul. Whitman indeed, despite his joyous optimism and passionate idealism, finds much to deplore in our times and lands. The absence of moral conscience, hollowness of heart, disbelief, hypocrisy, business depravity, official corruption, greed,— these are among the blemishes revealed by the moral microscope with which he examines American civilization.

"Never was there, perhaps, more hollowness at heart than at present, and here in the United States. Genuine belief seems to have left us. The underlying principles of the States are not honestly believed in (for all this hectic glow and these melodramatic screamings), nor is humanity itself believed in. What penetrating eye does not everywhere see through the mask? The spectacle is appalling. We live in an atmosphere of hypocrisy throughout. The men believe not in the women, nor the women in the men. . . . The depravity of the business classes of our country is not less than has been supposed, but infinitely greater. The official services of America, national, state, and municipal, in all their branches and departments, except the judiciary, are saturated in corruption, bribery, falsehood, maladministration; and the judiciary is tainted. The great cities reek with respectable as much as non-respectable robbery and scoundrelism; in fashionable life flippancy, tepid amours, weak infidelism, small aims, or no aims at all, only to kill time. In business (this all-devouring modern word, business), the one sole object is, by any means, pecuniary gain. The magician's serpent in the fable ate up all the other serpents, and money-making is our magician's serpent, remaining to-day sole master of the field."

Injustices in our industrial world do not escape him. He sees

"Many sweating, ploughing, thrashing, and then the chaff for payment receiving,
A few idly owning, and they the wheat continually claiming."

I regret that we cannot dismiss his strictures as libellous. They have at least enough foundation in fact to moderate our self-complacent national pride and imperialistic inflation. Whitman's call to come forth from such mockery of freedom and personal dignity still resounds — the invitation to take our places in the march with the great companions, eager, resolute, well-armed, "forth-steppers from the latent unrealized baby-days," — united in a revolt inspired by love, not hate. For democracy is not a class war. Democracy is conceived in the interests of all, and will not be best promoted by antagonism and aggression. The poor are not enslaved by governmental tyranny and capitalism alone. Perhaps the real battle, as Whitman hints, is "between democracy's convictions, aspirations, and the people's crudeness, vice, caprices."

I have as yet barely touched the fringe of my subject. I have endeavored to introduce the ideal by showing how far we are from its realization, and by showing that Whitman's pride in and love for his country were not due to a belief in the finality of its institutions. "Others take finish, but the Republic is ever constructive and ever keeps vista."

The reformer who pins his faith to systems will find little in Whitman to appeal to him. The deep suggestiveness of Whitman's work, however, has a formative value far beyond that of crystallized doctrine. His momentous suggestions create an atmosphere in which they themselves can fructify and mature.

They are seeds stored with vitality and untold possibilities. The full-grown system when transplanted from the mind of its originator into that of another is too often a mere cumberer of the ground, and its decay is preceded by inertia. Knowing the superior value of self-acquired beliefs, Whitman insists on the activity of his readers and refuses to minister to passivity or mental comfort. The "new thought" which he projects is designed, he tells us, "to cause changes, growths, removals, greater than the longest and bloodiest war or the most stupendous merely political, dynastic, or commercial overturn."

But whatever Whitman's conception and attitude toward existing institutions, we feel that one who was in love with all his fellows upon the earth cannot be utterly wrong. His pages are aglow with love, and unless we can approach his spirit his words will bewilder, if not repel. He was convinced that the new principle of democracy must not depend merely on "political means, superficial suffrage, legislation, etc.," but it must go deeper and get "at least as firm and as warm a hold in men's hearts, emotions, and beliefs as, in their days, feudalism or ecclesiasticism." The inconstant, easily diverted interest in vital problems, so prevalent to-day, is an evidence of the impotence of the merely theoretical attitude which leaves the religious nature untouched. No one with keen social consciousness can doubt that, in order to make possible an ideal democracy, grave political and economic changes are imperative; but I claim Whitman's support for my contention that the impulse to bring about these changes will not result from a purely intellectual appeal. The changes will be an emanation from the right emotion, the right spirit. Many reformers, weary of the apparent failure of ethical and religious teaching, are impa-

tient of utterances with any such implication. Whitman's inclusiveness should suggest to us that the remedy is not in a propaganda at either pole, but in effort cognizant of the interaction of man and his environment, and which neglects the evolution of neither.

Having looked round about us now sufficiently to assure ourselves of the bleakness and barrenness of much in our immediate vicinity, let us walk cheerfully and trustfully hand in hand with Whitman and allow him to lead us to a "knoll." In proceeding to examine the magnificent structure of democracy before us, we will begin at the base. There is no mystery or complexity in the construction of this fair society which we behold "en masse," — a social whole, proportionate to nature, perfect in sanity and health, — it is built up of "grand individuals." "Produce great persons, the rest follows." "One's self, a simple separate person," identity, personality.

"The quality of *Being*, in the object's self, according to its own central idea and purpose, and of growing therefrom and thereto — not criticism by other standards and adjustments thereto — is the lesson of Nature. . . . The idea of perfect individualism it is indeed that deepest tinges and gives character to the idea of the aggregate."

Emerson has a fine passage of analogous import:

"Is it not the chief disgrace in the world not to be an unit,— not to be reckoned one character,— not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred or the thousand of the party, the section, to which we belong, and our opinion predicted geographically, as the North or the South? Not so, brothers and friends — please God,

ours shall not be so. We will walk on our own feet, we will work with our own hands, we will speak our own minds. . . . A nation of men will for the first time exist because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul, which also inspires all men."

This well-poised selfhood is the outcome of threefold development. "In every young and old man after his kind, and in every woman after hers, a true personality, developed, exercised proportionately in body, mind, and spirit."

> "I will not make poems with reference to parts,
> I will make poems, songs, thoughts, with reference to ensemble."

Furnishing some crude basic models of personality, Whitman emphasizes a sterling part,— probably the least attended to in modern times,— "the simple, unsophisticated conscience, the primary moral element." The ripeness of Religion, he tells us, is doubtless to be looked for in the field of individuality. It does not depend at all upon churches, "but is a part of the identified soul, which, when greatest, knows not bibles in the old way, but in new ways— the identified soul, which can really confront Religion when it extricates itself entirely from churches, and not before." To Whitman the universe itself is as a road, or as many roads for travelling souls.

> "All parts away for the progress of souls,
> All religion, all solid things, arts, governments, — all that was or is apparent upon this globe or any globe, falls into niches and corners before the procession of souls along the grand roads of the universe.
> Of the progress of the souls of men and women along the grand roads of the universe, all other progress is the needed emblem and sustenance."

It appears, then, that Whitman's ideal democracy is cotermi-

nous with soul-progression, and for this the first essential is Liberty. "Liberty is to be subserved whatever occurs."

"I only am he who places over you no master, owner, better, God, beyond what waits intrinsically in yourself."

"Liberty, let others despair of you—I never despair of you."

Whitman uses the words "liberty" and "freedom" in a very wide sense.

"More precious than all worldly riches is Freedom—freedom from the painful constipation and poor narrowness of ecclesiasticism—freedom in manners, habiliments, furniture, from the silliness and tyranny of local fashion—entire freedom from party rings and mere conventions in politics—and, better than all, a general freedom of one's self from the tyrannic domination of vices, habits, appetites, under which nearly every man of us (often the greatest brawler for freedom) is enslaved."

A second essential is Equality. The first essential, individual liberty, born of self-respect; the second essential, equality, born of respect for others. "Of Equality—as if it harm'd me, giving others the same chances and rights as myself—as if it were not indispensable to my own rights that others possess the same."

It still needs to be specified that a belief in equality includes the equality of the sexes, for there be many yet who can apparently glory in an idea of equality restricted to one-half of the race. Whitman never falls into such mental ineptitudes, and he is careful to remind his readers at frequent intervals that his hopes for humanity embrace the female equally with the male, without any sort of reservation, for he sees how much the social

whole has suffered, and is still suffering, from sex-subordination and excessive sex-differentiation. Whitman's ideal woman is fearless and possessed of herself, and in his "great city" the women cease to be predominatingly conscious of sex. They "walk in public procession in the streets the same as the men," and they "enter the public assembly and take places the same as the men."

There is a beautiful sequence often in Whitman's thought. Love, the next important element which he exalts, is closely related to equality, for as Thoreau shows, love is only possible between equals. Whitman's conception of love comprises two divisions, — the amative, the adhesive, — and he ennobles both. The belief in the divinity of the body and the illustriousness of sex, by uprooting many false and unnatural standards which tend to undermine character, will contribute much to the building of "grand individuals." The bearing of comrade-love on democracy Whitman describes so impressively that I quote his words without comment:

"Intense and loving comradeship, the personal attachment of man to man, — which, hard to define, underlies the lessons and ideals of the profound saviors of every land and age, and which seems to promise, when thoroughly developed, cultivated, and recognized in manners and literature, the most substantial hope and safety of the future of these States, — will then be fully expressed.

"It is to the development, identification, and general prevalence of that fervid comradeship (the adhesive love, at least rivaling the amative love hitherto possessing imaginative literature, if not going beyond it) that I look for the counterbalance

and offset of our materialistic and vulgar American democracy and for the spiritualization thereof. Many will say it is a dream, and will not follow my inferences; but I confidently expect a time when there will be seen, running like a half-hid warp through all the myriad audible and visible worldly interests of America, threads of manly friendship, fond and loving, pure and sweet, strong and lifelong, carried to degrees hitherto unknown — not only giving tone to individual character, and making it unprecedentedly emotional, muscular, heroic, and refined, but having the deepest relation to general politics. I say democracy infers such loving comradeship, without which it will be incomplete, in vain, and incapable of perpetuating itself."

He declares that "affection shall solve the problems of freedom," — "those who love each other shall become invincible."

> "The dependence of Liberty shall be lovers,
> The continuance of Equality shall be comrades."

In order to deal with the question of democracy to practical ends, it is necessary to discriminate between the principle of authority and the principle of liberty — between the compulsory and the voluntary. We shall have no difficulty in deciding on which side to place Whitman, if we bring him up to date and express him in current terminology.

> "I am for those that have never been master'd,
> For men and women whose tempers have never been master'd,
> For those whom laws, theories, conventions, can never master."

> "To hold men together by paper and seal or by compulsion is no account,
> That only holds men together which aggregates all in a living principle, as the hold of the limbs of the body or the fibres of plants."

As to political changes, Whitman's utterances are not without inconsistencies, and he returns general rather than specific answers. He advises young men to disengage themselves from parties when they enter politics, but he favors the continuance of authoritative tutelage until convinced that self-government will not endanger the State. Concerning himself primarily with the influence of literature in the promulgation of new standards, perhaps he did not himself fully grasp the significance of self-sovereignty in its political aspects. But his meaning is always definite and unmistakable as to the ultimate purpose of democracy:

"The purpose of democracy — supplanting old belief in the necessary absoluteness of established dynastic rulership, temporal, ecclesiastical, and scholastic, as furnishing the only security against chaos, crime, and ignorance — is, through many transmigrations and amid endless ridicules, arguments, and ostensible failures, to illustrate, at all hazards, this doctrine or theory that man, properly trained in sanest, highest freedom, may and must become a law, and series of laws, unto himself, surrounding and providing for, not only his own personal control, but all his relations to other individuals and to the State."

"I swear I begin to see the meaning of these things,
It is not the earth, it is not America who is so great,
It is I who am great or to be great, it is you up there, or anyone,
It is to walk rapidly through civilizations, governments, theories,
Through poems, pageants, shows, to form individuals.
Underneath all, individuals."

Hence, in Whitman's ideal city, there are men and women who "think lightly of the laws;" "outside authority enters always after

the precedence of inside authority," and "children are taught to be laws to themselves and to depend on themselves."

Not the least valuable portion of Whitman's work are his exhortations to rebellion:

"Let others promulge the laws, I will make no account of the laws,
Let others praise eminent men and hold up peace, I hold up agitation and conflict."

Note, also, his exhortation to the "lands of America":

"Thought you greatness was to ripen for you like a pear? If you would have greatness, know that you must conquer it through ages, centuries — must pay for it with a proportionate price. For you, too, as for all lands, the straggler, the traitor, the wily person in office, scrofulous wealth, the surfeit of prosperity, the demonism of greed, the hell of passion, the decay of faith, the long postponement, the fossil-like lethargy, the ceaseless need of revolutions, prophets, thunderstorms, deaths, births, new projections and invigorations of ideas and men."

The existing vaunted American democracy, so-called, is in some ways analogous to the self-contented Liberalism in England ~~of half a century ago~~. Nothing less than literary bombs will arouse it to action.

Whitman beheld, however, in America a peculiarly favorable field for the growth of true democracy. The underlying principle of the United States Constitution and of the Declaration of Independence; early colonial traditions,—simple, not plutocratic, — in which equality of opportunity was more nearly realized than it has been since; the subsequent fusion of nationalities; — these and other considerations fill him with highest hope for this land of lands. "Here is not merely a nation, but a teeming nation of

nations." Yet his love of country was never mere patriotism. "O America, because you build for mankind, I build for you!" His love enfolds the world. The recent military achievements of this country are a bitter satire on Whitman's cordial acknowledgment of contemporary lands, his vision of the "continent indissoluble," and of "cities inseparable with their arms about each other's necks." We have to turn over the pages for a passage more applicable to the present. Here is one:

"I will make a song for the ears of the President, full of weapons with menacing points,
And behind the weapons countless dissatisfied faces."

But

"Away with themes of war! away with war itself!
Hence from my shuddering sight to never more return that show of blacken'd mutilated corpses!
That hell unpent and raid of blood, fit for wild tigers or for lop-tongued wolves, not reasoning men,
And in its stead speed industry's campaigns."

Whitman is in the main in line with modern socialism in regard to the dignity of labor, and in line also with modern solutions of sex problems in insisting on women's economic responsibility:

"To you, ye reverent sane sisters,
I raise a voice for far superber themes for poets and for art,
To exalt the present and the real,
To teach the average man the glory of his daily walk and trade,
To sing in songs how exercise and chemical life are never to be baffled,
To manual work for each and all, to plough, hoe, dig,
To plant and tend the tree, the berry, vegetables, flowers,
For every man to see to it that he really do something, for every woman, too."

It may be observed that Whitman's confident expectation for the future of America is not devoid of anxious moments. He sounds notes of warning:

"O lands, would you be freer than all that has ever been before?
If you would be freer than all that has ever been before, come listen to me.

"Fear grace, elegance, civilization, delicatesse,
Fear the mellow sweet, the sucking of honey-juice,
Beware the advancing mortal ripening of Nature,
Beware what precedes the ruggedness of states and men."

Whitman provides a place for worldly prosperity and material comfort in his ideal democracy — not the place they occupy today, but a subordinate one. "I too," he says, "hail those achievements with pride and joy; then answer that the soul of man will not with such only — nay, not with such at all — be finally satisfied; — but needs what (standing on these and on all things, as the feet stand on the ground) is addressed to the loftiest, to itself alone." He is ill-pleased with what "the word of the modern" — the word "culture" — has come to represent:

"As now taught, accepted and carried out, are not the processes of culture rapidly creating a class of supercilious infidels, who believe in nothing? Shall a man lose himself in countless masses of adjustments, and be so shaped with reference to this, that, and the other that the simply good and healthy and brave parts of him are reduced and clipped away, like the bordering of box in a garden? . . . I should demand a programme of culture, drawn out, not for a single class alone, or for the parlors or lecture rooms, but with an eye to practical life, the west, the working men, the facts of farms and jack-planes and engineers,

and of the broad range of the women also of the middle and working strata, and with reference to the perfect equality of women, and of a grand and powerful motherhood. I should demand of this programme or theory a scope generous enough to include the widest human area."

Whitman relies neither on the accumulation of wealth nor on the accumulation of knowledge for the evolution of worthier national types. He confides to us "the secret of the making of the best persons" — "it is to grow in the open air and to eat and sleep with the earth."

"Democracy most of all affiliates with the open air, is sunny and hardy and sane only with Nature — just as much as Art is. . . . American democracy, in its myriad personalities, its factories, workshops, stores, offices — through the dense streets and houses of cities, and all their manifold sophisticated life — must either be fibred, vitalized, by regular contact with outdoor light and air and growths, farm-scenes, animals, fields, trees, birds, sun-warmth and free skies, or it will certainly dwindle and pale. We cannot have grand races of mechanics, work people, and commonality (the only specific purpose of America) on any less terms."

Our poet is the poet of egoism, but not of egoism alone — he is the poet of altruism equally. It is rarely that egoism and altruism coexist in perfect equilibrium. There are individuals whose best, most strenuous effort is only evoked by altruistic demands, — who are careless, apathetic in regard to the satisfaction of their own personal needs. The altruistic extreme is to be found in those who seek to advance the welfare of others at the expense of their own soul. For such unbalanced types

Whitman has no approval. He sees that self-interest is an insufficient motive to heroic action; yet the complement to self-interest is social-interest, and not to be confused with self-sacrifice. Many thinkers who rightly oppose asceticism overlook this distinction. It is true that in the highest interpretation the two interests coincide, but it makes all the difference whether this truth is borne in mind or not in egoistic statements.

As we have just observed, Whitman's egoism is in no wise identical with selfishness; similarly, his liberty is never license.

"For there is to the highest that law as absolute as any — more absolute than any — the Law of Liberty. The shallow, as intimated, consider liberty a release from all law, from every constraint. The wise see in it, on the contrary, the Potent Law of Laws, namely, the fusion and combination of the conscious will, or partial individual law, with those universal, eternal, unconscious ones, which run through all time, pervade history, prove immortality, give moral purpose to the entire world, and the last dignity to human life."

It must never be overlooked in the consideration of such a subject as the foregoing that changes of letter are unavailing without a corresponding change of spirit. Does not every radical number one or more conservatives among his friends with whom he finds himself in closer accord than with certain of his own intellectual kin? Solidarity implies much more than mere verbal congruity.

Can we find a niche large enough for the cosmically minded Whitman? Shall we who appreciate him label ourselves, or shall we abandon the attempt to express him in modern phraseology? The orthodox believer claims him for a Christian, and the Freethinker appropriates his heresies; the socialist reader of Whitman

links his arm in ours and enquires why we do not identify ourselves with the propaganda of collectivism; and the anarchist, when we quote Whitman, points the finger of scorn and mutters, "Aha! What is that but anarchism? Why do you not avow yourselves anarchists?" Are they and similar complainants right? I think not. We might ask such, "Are you not of some coterie? Some school or mere religion? Are you done with reviews and criticisms of life, animating now to life itself?" Whitman's ideal democracy is neither solely economic, nor political, nor religious, nor philosophical, nor ethical, nor literary, nor scientific. For myself, I would prefer to unfurl the banner of Democracy triumphantly at the head of the procession, followed by the banners of the various sections, — Socialism, Individualism, Communism, Anarchism, Egoism, Mysticism, Universal Brotherhood, Idealism, Sex Reform, Evolution, Revolution, etc., —with space in the rear for many other respected groups which as yet are disinclined to claim kinship with us. A goodly pageant! Each pioneer division meeting human aspirations, and each furthering the general plan in its own special way. In such wise may we draw nigh unto the Brotherhood of Lovers.

We cannot linger to read all Whitman's directing posts; we have necessarily omitted many. To me, they seem to point to the supremacy of love in human relations, — to a time characterized by the full expression and reception of individuality, by copiousness of life facilitating soul progression, — to a time when mutual helpfulness will replace rivalry, when non-governmental organization will spring up in place of coercive authority, and when natural leadership, based on innate fitness, will supersede officialism founded on adventitious extrinsic conditions, — a time when the

social sympathies will be so developed that the regulation of production will be free from monopolistic interference, and the creative ability of the individual, governed by the wisdom that is of the soul, will find full scope and delight in spontaneous work nicely adjusted to the needs of the community, — the desire being to contribute that which shall be a joy and benefit to all. With economics based on an ethical and spiritual foundation, the stimuli which many have found only in the competitive struggle will assuredly arise in the more intense social passion of which we now and then see prophetic examples. Whitman conceives, he tells us, "a community, to-day and here, in which, on a sufficient scale, the perfect personalities, without noise, meet, . . . a community organized in running order, powers judiciously delegated — farming, building, trade, courts, mails, schools, elections, all attended to; and then the rest of life, the main thing, freely branching and blossoming in each individual, and bearing golden fruit."

By such conceptions are we fortified in our faith that the combined incentive of individual differentiation and collective progress, in its spiritual as well as material aspect, is destined to outdistance the present anti-social form of competition, abolish privilege, and lead to the social harmony in which all discordant notes eventually blend.

Thoreau's Joy in Nature

THE more sympathetic and fraternal relationship of humanity to nature in primitive stages of development has so far dwindled with the advance of civilization that the attempt to fully understand the predilections of such a man as Thoreau is one of surpassing difficulty. In this highly civilized republic, in this center of culture, how shall we induce in ourselves the simple attitude of mind which attunes the human consciousness to the sub-human?

In a general way our endeavor has been to get as far from nature as possible, and modern discoveries and conventions have been instrumental in widening the gulf. If this were all, and if, as it sometimes seems, the hopes of mankind were universally bent on escape to the artificial and unnatural, the subject might be dismissed in a few words. But the march is no longer steadfastly directed to this goal. There are frequent halts, and some of the most stalwart have set their faces once more toward the wild. The discovery has been made in various quarters that, as Elbert Hubbard remarks, we have been "intent on securing things not worth the having." We have been content with husks.

Among thinkers alive to these facts Henry David Thoreau is preëminent, and more than most men he had the courage of his convictions. His imagination, aided by his cosmic love, painted the world beautiful. Said he, "Men cannot conceive of a state of things so fair that it cannot be realized. . . . What can be expressed in words can be expressed in life." He himself

expressed the higher possibilities of existence so convincingly that, for him "that hath an ear to hear," the arrogance of luxury and the greed of possession are henceforth discredited. But he did not expect the multitude, blinded by the conventions of civilization, straightway to arise to greet the dawn which met his eyes. "Only that day dawns to which we are awake." To him the sun was "but a morning star."

Thoreau resembles Whitman in his identification of himself with the universe. In his essay on "Walking" he announces his desire to "speak a word for nature, for absolute freedom and wildness, as contrasted with a freedom and culture merely civil — to regard man as an inhabitant or a part and parcel of nature, rather than as a member of society." His demand is for literature which gives expression to nature, and he finds none. Whitman, perhaps, supplies this want more than any other poet, and Thoreau rejoiced greatly in him. The second edition of "Leaves of Grass," given him by Whitman, he said had done him more good than any reading for a long time. It may be that his experience of human relationships was too restricted to enable him fully to comprehend Whitman's drift, but his comments reveal the keenness of his insight and appreciation.

These men who had so much in common were graduates from the same school. It would be easy to draw parallels. Each had responded to the same "resistless call," each had done with "indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms," and taken to the "open road." Their joy in themselves and others was not confined to physiognomy. "Every man is the builder of a temple called his body, to the God he worships, after a style purely his own, nor can he get off by hammering marble instead." "I

would have every man so much like a wild antelope, so much a part and parcel of nature, that his very person should thus sweetly advertise our senses of his presence and remind us of those parts of nature which he most haunts,"— which is almost as charming a suggestion of personality as Whitman's "To a Pupil."

Thoreau found himself growing "savager and savager every day." In his thought wildness and freedom are ever closely associated. He needed space to develop his individuality, and was oppressed by luxury and the needless complexity of modern life. He found it necessary to get "back to that glorious society called solitude." In one of his letters he refers to Emerson in this connection — the latter finding his life "so unprofitable and shabby for the most part that he is driven to all sorts of resources, and, among the rest, to men. I tell him," writes Thoreau, "that we only differ in our resources. Mine is to get away from men." His withdrawal, however, was not to solitude, but to companionship with nature. Such souls are never more alone than when surrounded by conventions and the humanity that has adapted itself so admirably thereto. Whitman loved to "inhale great draughts of space," and had wondrous revelations from silent communion with nature, but his freedom was apparently less disturbed by human proximity.

The love of simplicity and distaste for the artificialities and refinements of civilization originated in Thoreau, no less than in Whitman, in the aspiration for soul-development. They have abundantly justified their own methods. Their conceptions were original because vitalized by outdoor light and air and sunshine. Most people are what Professor Geddes terms "ear-minded," instead of eye-minded — they take things at second and third

hand. The nature-lover derives his knowledge direct from the source. It is thus that the sublimity of assurance is reached. "It is when we do not have to believe, but come into actual contact with Truth and are related to her in the most direct and intimate way. Waves of serener life pass over us from time to time like flakes of sunlight over the fields in cloudy weather." Openness and receptivity of mind conduce to this result. Man's life should be constantly fresh as a river. "It should be the same channel, but a new water every instant." Thoreau's metaphors are most fascinating: he dwelt in an atmosphere so much rarer than that of our ordinary commonplace levels!

His life was a protest against all forms of tyranny. "It is hard to have a Southern overseer; it is worse to have a Northern one; but worst of all when you are the slave-driver of yourself." Yet so few people are conscious of being enslaved! Thoreau was never deluded by popular standards. "The greater part of what my neighbors call good," he said, "I believe in my soul to be bad." He demanded something more than material progress. "While civilization has been improving our houses, it has not equally improved the men who are to inhabit them. It has created palaces, but it was not so easy to create noblemen and kings. . . . The luxury of one class is counterbalanced by the indigence of another." In primitive times man was but a sojourner in nature, but lo! now "men have become the tools of their tools." We are weighted with self-imposed burdens in respect to houses, furniture, clothes, etc., and must continue to bear those burdens until we heed the cry, "Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity!" Only when we do this will it be possible to loaf and invite one's soul. Our lives are so full not merely of things

to be done, but also of exaggerated concern about the doing, that we seldom have leisure to make or keep spiritual appointments. And we are mostly engrossed with what is altogether irksome, if not trivial. Thoreau prophesies that "the truly efficient laborer will not crowd his day with work, but will saunter to his task surrounded by a wide halo of ease and leisure, and then do what he loves best." Leaving the "halo of ease and leisure" out of the question, of how many workers, think you, to-day is this true,—that they do what they love best? There are certain occupations, indeed, in which it is possible to take some joy, and some of us enter them bravely enough. A few months, or perhaps days, suffice to damp our ardor. Sooner or later we are prevented from reaching our highest capacity by some overseer or person in authority whose estimate of skill is purely on a financial basis, and sadly we learn to acquiesce in conditions in which our desire for self-realization in work is irrevocably thwarted.

When Thoreau affirmed that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation," it was no mere figure of speech. Conversation with the employees of almost every business elicits testimony as to the joylessness of their work. Yet the uncongeniality of their position is the least part of the hardship — the insecurity is worst of all. The desperation of the capitalist differs somewhat in character and is attributable to other causes; but it is none the less a fact. In his case it is worry and ennui instead of worry and overwork. He has no more joy in the industry which affords him an income than his dependents, but the dollars which he extracts are his reward. They enable him to lead a parasitic life and, did he but know it, are but a poor compensation indeed for the glad expression of personality in pro-

ductive work, the fruit of one's own genius. Compare the success within the reach of the most influential magnate of society with that which Thoreau portrays. "If the day and night are such that you greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-scented herbs, is more elastic, more starry, more immortal, — that is your success. All nature is your congratulation, and you have cause momentarily to bless yourself."

The qualities possessed by idealists are not those which make for material prosperity. Wealth comes in the long run to those to whom it is indispensable, but not to those who believe they can do without it and whose happiness rests on surer foundations. In life we choose our prizes for ourselves. Sometimes we are disappointed with them when they come — fashioned though they be by our inmost desire. If we have outgrown the need for them it is well.

Though he honored labor and despised idle learning, yet the schemes of financiers and the expedients of commerce, with its vulgarity of advertising and dishonesty of adulteration, had little to attract such a man as Thoreau. His only escape from ways so foreign to his temperament was to the "impartial and unbribable beneficence of nature." Political events were far less important to him than changes in the aspect of physical nature, — the drying-up of rivers or the decay of forests. The universe seemed to him so aptly fitted to our organization that he found on every side something to soothe and refresh the senses. As for the so-called practical affairs, commonly deemed of such moment, he could "postpone them all" to hear a locust sing. He feared less living men than dead institutions. The danger of being cursed by some "monster institution" — that is a real

menace to freedom. He seeks refuge in forest wild or flowing river.

Ordinary clothes are apt to be an impediment to the appreciation of nature. For women the disqualifications of dress have been very serious — happily becoming less so, not so much from a saner view of the dignity of the body as from the requirements of locomotive improvements. We owe it to the bicycle that many hitherto incapable or indisposed to walk now have their blood abundantly oxygenized by the more rapid motion of the wheel.

It is worth while to consider the nature cure in these days of unnatural remedies and unscientific science. After being daily in the open air for nearly two years without drugs or medicine, Whitman attributed his much-restored health to this close association with nature. In his joyous, secluded sun-baths he found the sweetest exhilarating ecstasy. Thoreau believed the diseases of the body could not be cured by addressing the body alone, and affirmed the need of a physician who should minister to both body and soul at once — that is, to man.

It requires, however, more courage than the conventional man possesses to confront nature, as Thoreau did, with impregnability of soul. Might not the heroic virtues be better developed by conflict with the elements than by the fratricidal brutality of the battle-field? We stultify ourselves when we yield to the seductions of ease. Our strength approximates to the demands made on it. People usually prefer to follow the line of least resistance, ignoring the effect of such a course on character.

Thus, it was Thoreau's experience that travelers generally exaggerate the difficulties of a mountain ascent or of traveling

through forests. This was true even of the country folk he met, for whom it might have been expected that long familiarity would have robbed forest and mountain of their terrors. So with characteristic independence he disregarded such of their warnings as he believed to be inspired by imaginary fears and followed his own judgment. If he was lost, he reflected, he was standing in his own shoes, and for the time being living on the spot where he was standing, and therefore it was merely the places that had known him that were lost and not really himself. "I am not alone," he declares, "if I stand by myself."

Our love of nature is utilitarian. On our summer vacations, if we are not of the pleasure-seekers, we half reluctantly allow ourselves a brief respite from routine in the hope of securing health or increased capacity for remunerative work. During such periods of leisure the observer can estimate fairly well how large a place nature occupies in the affections of average mortals. As a rule, various other matters appear to take precedence, and the appreciation of natural beauties is more or less perfunctory. The weather on such occasions is apt to be of two genders: there are certain days when it would be all very well for a man to venture out-of-doors, but quite out of the question for women. Women have unhappily become more habituated to indoor life than men, and so feel the deprivation less. The amount of labor and expense involved in damage to their flimsy attire is enough to make them unwilling to take unnecessary risks. Few of our urban residents of either sex, however, display any conspicuous hardihood or enthusiasm in their return to Mother Earth in her varying moods, and delight in the elemental abandon of primitive unconstraint is rare to find. Owing to various reasons, there-

fore, the sanest joys embodied by poet or artist in poem or picture are known to us chiefly on paper or canvas, and we accept this second-hand refreshment without regret.

Even under the pressure of modern commercial demands we might have more opportunity for the enjoyment of nature, or for following the bent of our own natures, than we do, if there were less of the Shylock in our business dealings. The severity has been somewhat relaxed within the walls of workshop or office, and stools or chairs are now provided where a very few years ago they were rigidly prohibited. But the employee is still compelled to yield the full legal quota of time to the purchaser of his labor, equally whether he rushes at breathless speed or sits, during dull spells, with folded hands. Perhaps this wastefulness is inevitable at the present stage of evolution, and it may be a more humane system awaits the growth of consciousness — that quality which modern competitive methods have done their best to enfeeble. The desire for tangible results eclipses the desire to *be* — to grow into harmony with the universal life. To be harmonious with conditions and with one's fellows — the two streams of development are in this direction. We evolve not by mere abstract love of nature and humanity, but by the specific love, based on sympathy, of natural beauties manifested in sky or ocean, animal or plant, and by the love of soul-beauties manifested in individuals. "Men nowhere east or west live yet a *natural* life round which the vine clings and the elm willingly shadows. Man would desecrate it by his touch and so the beauty of the world remains veiled to him. He needs not only to be spiritualized, but *naturalized*, on the soil of the earth." There is always a tendency to value things at cost, and therefore to set little store by things that are

free to all. Simple pleasures, like weeds, are often despised. "Heaven may be defined as the place which men avoid."

Thoreau's world was a world of thought; it was this inner realm that delighted him, and the outer world was but the canvas to his imagination. Like Whitman he esteemed diversity and deprecated discipleship. "I would not have any one adopt *my* mode of living on any account, for beside that before he had fairly learned it I may have found out another for myself, I desire that there may be as many different persons in the world as possible; but I would have each one be very careful to find out and pursue *his* own way, and not his father's or his mother's or his neighbor's instead." His feeling is akin to that of Ibsen's Dr. Stockmann, of whom he reminds us when he voices the isolation of spirit of which at times all highly differentiated types are overwhelmingly conscious: "In what concerns you most, do not think that you have companions. Know that you are alone in the world."

Let it not be imagined, however, that the love of nature is exclusive or incompatible with depth of human affection. To some readers it appears that Thoreau subordinated human nature to nature. Isolated passages may be cited in support of this view, but, taking his work as a whole, I find no evidence that he lacked the proper sense of proportion. In common with many other pioneers, he sought to emphasize the unpopular side of questions, believing that there were plenty in the conventional ranks to champion orthodox institutions. The conservative tendencies of the race may always be counted on. There is every reason to suppose that Thoreau's individuality was strengthened by sympathetic association with nature, and that he thereby developed a higher conception of human relationships and a correspondingly high capacity

for such. Here is one of his inimitable similes: "As I love nature, as I love singing birds and gleaming stubble and morning and evening and summer and winter, I love thee, my friend." When men and women once more fraternize with nature and cease to pay homage to superficialities and shams, will they indeed love one another thus — with a love so spontaneous, so confident, so constant, so devoid of calculation?

Thoreau aimed "above mere morality." The bounty of nature left its impress on his thought. His pleasure was not enhanced by monopoly. He was non-invasive and self-sufficing. He desired to be honest with his fellows. "There is none who does not lie hourly in the respect he pays to false appearance. How sweet it would be to treat men and things for an hour for just what they are!"

In the pursuit of happiness, in order to understand the use of materials and attain intellectual power and experience on various planes, we have wandered far. We have learnt the futility of many of our ambitions, and with the final needs of the soul still unsatisfied, we return to behold in the universe and in ourselves what our unpractised eyes had previously failed to discern. "The ears were not made for such trivial uses as men are wont to suppose, but to hear celestial sounds. The eyes were not made for such grovelling uses as they are now put to and worn out by, but to behold beauty now invisible."

Poets of Revolt: Shelley, Whitman, Carpenter

MY suggestion to consider Whitman as the Poet of Revolt has resulted in the grouping of three names under this designation. While the inclusion of two transatlantic revolt-motors will preclude any approach to exhaustive treatment, it may yet afford us bases of comparison of some practical value, since America has emulated many of the defects of the older civilizations, and not a few of the problems which in them press so hard for solution are here imminent. The exigencies of the theme will involve more or less sociological reference, and, if I hint at the application, it is that, in so far as I apprehend the master's song, although it now and then contains the invitation to loaf, yet the dominant note is "March!"

> "Whoever you are, come forth! or man or woman, come forth!
> You must not stay sleeping and dallying there in the house though you built it, or though it has been built for you!"

It may almost seem that for Whitman Fellows the "passing hour" which he yields us, "in our tracks to pause oblivious," recurs with undue frequency — not as an interval of needed rest in the resistless march of compact ranks over toilsome roads, but as a serene goal of complacency wherein we might be more fittingly lulled by "piano-tunes" than by the blast of the trumpet and the far-off daybreak call of "Pioneers! O Pioneers!"

It is so much less disturbing to speculate as to whether, for

instance, "Leaves of Grass" is entitled to rank as poetry, than it is to enter into the atmosphere of the poet's thought, and from thence to pursue our own flights — to do our part as he has done his. For the acceptance of this "utterance from full-grown human personality, as from a tree growing in itself, or any other objective fact of the universe, from its own laws, oblivious of conformity," it may be necessary to prepare ourselves by the readjustment of the bases of our individual lives and by a conception of deeper ethical, social, and political purposes. Since Whitman has repeatedly assured us that no one will understand his verses "who insists upon viewing them as a literary performance, or attempt at such performance, or as aiming mainly towards art or æstheticism," it is clear that we cannot ignore the wider trend of his muse — "needs newer, larger, stronger, keener compensations and compellers."

Whitmanites, too, can hardly fail to be conscious of the dangers incidental to a broad, all-inclusive tolerance of all philosophies and creeds — the danger of degenerating into the *laissez-faire* attitude of stagnation. Whitman, however, has demonstrated — none better — that tolerance is compatible with the strongest personal conviction and a tenacity of purpose against which the little hammers of convention, expediency, and the like, strike their impotent blows in vain. The optimism which refuses to acknowledge absolute evil, which discerns only good in the universe, — not excluding pain and suffering, — is but half expressed unless it also recognizes that, albeit the soul evolves through suffering, yet the aspiring and combative effort, the revolt against tyranny, are also good and necessary to the world's advancement. Whitman held that:

"The eager and often inconsiderate appeals of reformers and revolutionists are indispensable to counteract the inertness and fossilism making so large a part of human institutions. . . . As circulation is to air, so is agitation and a plentiful degree of speculative license to political and moral sanity."

Among many who have taken up "the task eternal," three men are conspicuous in promoting this counter-attitude, and our survey will be confined to Shelley, Whitman, and Edward Carpenter. For our present purpose they must be considered not only as poets, but as reformers and seers. In glancing at their familiar portraits we at once enter the realm of reality and confront vital issues, for these are they who convince "not by arguments, similes, rhymes;" they convince by their "presence." In addition to their revolutionary writings, they have all pioneered valiantly in their lives, and therefore appeal to us with the only authority some of us would be willing to heed, — that born of experience, — pointing out to us now and again the safety or peril of the road, and always addressing us with the imperative "Come!" which, in the annals of military dictatorship, has proved so much more effective than the arbitrary command, "Go!"

We will first make a sort of composite picture, to review such points of contact as may serve to elucidate the aspects before us, and later we will try to portray their more striking distinctive traits and divergencies.

If we inquire from what founts these inspirers of heroism derive their own indomitable valor, we learn that they are indebted largely to communion with nature and the unseen; to comradeship, the companionship of the living and the dead; and to such

subjective equipments as love, sympathy, ideality, mysticism, faith in human possibilities, imperturbability, indifference to results (material comfort), etc. They are all essentially open-air poets, and the soul conscious of the pure radiations of such robust personalities grows impatient of confining walls and seeks to escape to the boundless beyond, and the untamable elements more in harmony with the spirit of "freedom's athletes" — "hungering, hungering, hungering, for primal energies and Nature's dauntlessness."

> "Voices of mountain and star,
> Of cloud and forest and ocean,"

are to the silent listener replete with divine lore, and the visible world an open book of symbols.

> "I lie abstracted and hear beautiful tales of things and the reasons of things,
> They are so beautiful, I nudge myself to listen."

It is pleasant to recall Shelley's joy in nature, and to picture him "companioning the winds and the waves," or writing his poems in the perfect environment of a pine forest. Then Whitman:

> "I think heroic deeds were all conceived in the open air, and all free poems also,
> I think I could stop here myself and do miracles."

Or Carpenter:

> "Who shall understand the words of the ferns lifting their fronds innumerable?
> What man shall go forth into the world holding his life in his open palm —
> With high adventurous joy from sunrise to sunset —
> Fearless, in his sleeve laughing, having outflanked his enemies?
> His heart like nature's garden — that all men abide in —
> Free, where the great winds blow, rains fall and the sun shines,
> And manifold growths come forth and scatter their fragrance?"

Admissions of the insufficiency of nature, however, are not lacking:

> "For to tread life's dismaying wilderness
> Without one smile to cheer, one voice to bless,
> Amid the snares and scoffs of human kind,
> Is hard." . . .

And this brings us to the conception of comradeship which occupies so prominent a place in Whitman's and Carpenter's ideals. Following closely the lines just quoted, Shelley continues:

> "With deathless minds which leave where they have passed
> A path of light, my soul communion knew
> Till from that glorious intercourse, at last,
> As from a mine of magic store, I drew
> Words which were weapons;—round my heart there grew
> The adamantine armor of their power."

The profounder social and political significance of comradeship, as conceived by Whitman and Carpenter, will be touched upon further on.

As might be inferred, intervals of time and place notwithstanding, we find that the citadels against which our poets have directed their attacks are often identical in structure. "The whole question hangs together and fastens and links all peoples." Tyranny has many forms, and the majestic figure of Liberty never ceases to beckon. The indictment against a capitalistic régime, which enriches the few at the expense of the life-blood of the many, discovers a vulnerable place in our boasted civilization and prosperity. The difference "between a splendid and a happy land" needs still to be emphasized. When Shelley showers obloquy on the name of *king*, we are reminded of the possibility of "chang-

ing the place and keeping the pain." As Victor Hugo pointed out: "Tyranny resides elsewhere than in royal palaces, and despotism is as fatal to happiness and development if manifested through a narrow and intolerant popular spirit as if it emanated from a throne." Similarly, when Shelley declaims against the emptiness of religion, we have little cause for self-congratulation. We turn to Whitman's more recent diagnosis and read: "Genuine belief seems to have left us. . . . A lot of churches, the most dismal phantasms I know, usurp the name of religion." While Carpenter declares that the church is dead, and points to a nation dying, "dying slowly and surely of unbelief — and there can be no deadlier disease, no plague of the Middle Ages, no cholera epidemic deadlier." But he contemplates the gloomy spectacle without dismay, for he has seen what lies deeper far than the life and death of nations, and he sings, "Joy, joy!" for what he has seen "is sufficient."

Again, democracy is menaced by custom, which "maketh blind and obdurate the loftiest hearts," and by dilettanteism. "Fear grace, elegance, civilization, delicatesse"; "these are not the times of canary birds, nor of trifling with art and philosophy and impertinent philanthropic schemes — this is the time of grown Men and Women." Self-thraldom must not be permitted to bar the way.

The subordination of women is among the earliest centers of attack. "Can man be free if woman is a slave?" Democracy demands the formation of robuster ideals, "not of men only, but of women," which will be capable of realization as soon as women can "bring themselves to give up toys and fictions, and launch forth, as men do, amid real, independent, stormy life." The con-

tempt for manual labor, too, — shrank from as "that which worse than damns," — is a remnant of the aristocratic spirit. "The common ambition strains for elevations, to become some privileged exclusive. The master sees greatness and health in being part of the mass."

From some such common platform as that just adumbrated our poets go forth in invincible armor, as crusaders to battle, recruiting as they go.

"My call is the call of battle, I nourish active rebellion.
He going with me must go well arm'd,
He going with me goes often with spare diet, poverty, angry enemies, desertions."

Following in their wake, the possibility of endless parallels opens up before us to entice the itinerant mind to desert from the red flag which we have unfurled. It behooves us to resist the allurements of the pleasure-grounds of literature if we would keep within sound of the drum.

Shelley

Putting aside our imperfect composite picture, which it is to be feared was rather blurred, we approach our group and single out, first, Shelley, for closer inspection. It is the face of an enthusiast who has retained much of the spirituality and charm of youth in manhood's early years, when most men have succumbed to the materializing and conventionalizing tendencies of environing influences. The brave, high-spirited boy, who refused to fag at Eton, and who, exasperated to the point of frenzy, stood at bay, surrounded and hooted at by his schoolfellows, was typical

of the man Shelley, fighting, single-handed, the reactionary and conservative forces of society, and the hosts of detractors, as incapable of appreciating his nobility of purpose as were the tormentors of his school-days.

Entering life's arena during the period of intense reaction following the French Revolution, Shelley must, indeed, have "struggled against great odds." There must have been much to oppress and arouse the indignation of a nature possessing such generous sympathies — verily, it was to him "the night of the world!" In the first recoil of his freedom-loving soul against bigotry and injustice, it was not to be expected that his eager aim would be uniformly true and deliberate. Thus we marvel not that he occasionally lacked judgment and discrimination, or that he confused ecclesiasticism with religion, but marvel rather at the rare insight which anticipated the lines of social and political advancement and foresaw the extirpation of abuses which were subsequently trampled under foot in humanity's onward march. His onslaught upon the narrowness of a crystallized orthodoxy may be regarded as the natural outcome of lofty spiritual aspiration — the "effluence," as Browning defines his work, of one "whose spirit invariably saw and spoke from the last height to which it had attained." How could he do otherwise than distrust a church which seemed to ally itself with tyranny, interpreting the will of God as a rod "to scourge" men "into slaves," affirming

> . . . "that priests and kings,
> Custom, domestic sway, ay, all that brings
> Man's freeborn soul beneath the oppressor's heel,
> Are his strong ministers"?

That, despite his early death, the force of his life and work influenced and evoked grateful tribute from such a man as Browning, and that he has infused many a humble wayfarer with exaltation and courage, are monumental facts. "Child of the revolution," he was "a clarion-voice of faith, hope, and love" at a time when inspiring voices were rarer than they are to-day. The "passion for reforming the world," which he himself acknowledges, and a deep, abiding sympathy with the oppressed were the basic motives of his life.

One or two quotations must suffice to illustrate the purity of his ideals:

> . . . "A nation
> Made free by love, a mighty brotherhood
> Linked in a jealous interchange of good."
>
> . . . "The man remains
> Scepterless, free, uncircumscribed, but man:
> Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
> Over himself; just, gentle, wise: but man."

Over his great drama, with the titantic Prometheus, prefigurative of mankind, — long-suffering, unyielding, and finally triumphant over evil, — we cannot linger. Shelley's conception of the life-struggle, which Vida Scudder sums up in the one word "endurance," is finely expressed in the closing stanza.

Many of his ideals are yet reserved for future attainment. To the Europe of the beginning of the century they must indeed have seemed Utopian, and the steadfastness of his devotion to them, regardless of the anathemas hurled upon him, evidences a faith beyond that of the unquestioning adherent of authoritative dogma. His note on the vindication of extravagant expenditure

on luxuries — one of the economic fallacies which seem to thrive on repeated refutations — is an instance of his clear-sightedness. His righteous wrath, however, never degenerated into vindictiveness, for

> . . . "To avenge misdeed
> On the misdoer doth but misery feed
> With her own broken heart."

In common with many present-day reformers, to bring about the consummation for which he yearned he relied rather on the diffusion of saner ideals than on any structural changes in society achieved by an appeal to force, which would be of no permanent value, since they would leave the spirit unchanged.

> . . . "In the midst
> I paused and saw how ugly and how fell
> O Hate! thou art, even when thy life thou shedd'st
> For love." . . .

We may smile at the fearlessness with which Shelley discusses problems which have baffled sages before and since. Such an expression as "ghastly death" suggests comparison with Whitman's sublime poems on death, and is a mere instance, among others, of crudity rectifiable by experience. His philosophy must be adjudged as necessarily immature, and the world's indebtedness estimated by his fidelity and the scope of his tendencies.

His appeals to the men of England are among the most stirring rallying-calls to arouse the apathetic to enlist themselves in the anti-wage-slavery war, and are too characteristic to be altogether omitted from our sketch:

"Rise, like lions after slumber,
In unvanquishable number!
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you!
Ye are many, they are few.

"What is freedom? Ye can tell
That which slavery is too well,
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own.

"'T is to be a slave in soul
And to hold no strong control
Over your own wills, but be
All that others make of ye."

Whitman

We now come to the central figure of our group — Whitman, "the sworn poet" of revolt, one of the "savage, eternal peaks" to which none turn in vain; and let us for a moment see him as Carpenter sees him:

"Who is this, for instance, easy with open shirt and brown neck and face — the whites of his eyes just seen in the sultry twilight — through the city garden swinging?"

"[Who anyhow is he that is simple and free and without afterthought? Who passes among his fellows without constraint and without encroachment, without embarrassment and without grimaces? and does not act from motives?
Who is ignorant or careless of what is termed politeness? Who makes life wherever he goes desirable, and removes stumbling-blocks instead of creating them?]"

"Grave and strong and untamed,
This is the clear-browed unconstrained tender face, with full lips and bearded chin, this is the regardless defiant face I love and trust;
Which I came out to see, and having seen do not forget."

For the complete portraiture, here necessarily abridged, see "Towards Democracy," third edition, pp. 42–44.

As has been pointed out, the term "revolt" ceases to have any specific implication when applied to Whitman's poems, since his whole life and work were a revolt, and, to appropriate a phrase which he uses in another connection, "the indirect is just as much as the direct."

"Piety and conformity to them that like,
Peace, obesity, allegiance to them that like,
I am he who tauntingly compels men, women, nations,
Crying, Leap from your seats and contend for your lives!"

We have already noted sundry accordances in our group, and it remains to observe some divergences arising from differences of environment, maturer philosophy, and more nearly perfect cosmic vision. While Shelley was continually opposing himself against institutions, Whitman asserts that he is "neither for nor against institutions." Whitman appears to have been concerned primarily with his own soul, determined to dismiss whatever should insult it; therefore, although he is indifferent to institutions, as such, it may often happen that in defending his own interior integrity he becomes a stern opponent. He bids "neither for soft eulogies, big money returns, nor the approbation of existing schools and conventions," and often has scathing strictures to offer anent the said schools and conventions. He con-

fronts "peace, security, and all the settled laws to unsettle them."

Yet Whitman does not rail, as some esthetes and reformers have done, against materialistic achievements, but accepts them with pride and joy, and for a moment the eat-drink-and-be-merry section might deem him on their side. Vain illusion! "Is there," he demands, "a great moral and religious civilization — the only justification of a great material one?" Of the achievements which are the ultimatum of the commercial spirit he declares "that the soul of man will not with such only — nay, not with such at all — be finally satisfied." Thus he revolts against the ultra-mundane no less than against the ultra-spiritual, and such subtlety of thought may well elude superficial readers and confuse them as to the poet's drift.

It is to the emotional depths revealed to him in the Secession War — the strong provocation of war sights and scenes — that Whitman attributes his formative power, considering America as "really the great test or trial case for all the problems and promises and speculations of humanity."

"Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

"For we cannot tarry here,
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We, the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

"Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!"

"Rapt with love for all," he emerges from the "sad shows with deafening noises of hatred and smoke of war," to sing of "saner wars, sweet wars, life-giving wars."

"Exult, O lands! victorious lands!
Not there your victory on those red shuddering fields,
But here and hence your victory."

"Myself and this contentious soul of mine,
Still on our own campaigning bound,
Through untried roads with ambushes opponents lined,
Through many a sharp defeat and many a crisis, often baffled,
Here marching, ever marching on, a war fight out — aye here, —
To fiercer, weightier battles give expression."

In certain quarters, by those who seek the remedy in a return to belligerent exploits, we are frequently taunted (and perhaps with reason) for our pusillanimity. But the rare emotions which war has sometimes evoked must not be permitted to perish with the decline of militarism, but must be transmuted into enthusiasm serviceable to the industrial commonwealth. The war spirit tends to narrow the sympathies to a prescribed area, and to engender anti-fraternal sentiments towards those without.

"Wert capable of war, its tugs and trials? be capable of peace, its trials,
For the tug and mortal strain of nations come at last in prosperous peace not war."

The fuller significance of comradeship, alluded to in its less heroic phases in relation to Shelley, will be unfolded as we consider Whitman's more exacting claims on its behalf. "Intense and loving comradeship, the personal and passionate attachment of man to man, — which, hard to define, underlies the lessons and ideals of the profound saviors of every land and age . . . carried to degrees hitherto unknown . . . seems to promise," he says, "when thoroughly developed and recognized in manners and literature, the most substantial hope and safety of the future of these States." In this conception, culminating in the "continent indissoluble," — the "inseparable cities with their arms about each other's necks," — may be traced potencies which are eventually to triumph over anti-social institutions and racial animosities. Henceforth nevermore lonely, despairing, baffled, overwhelmed in the struggle, but hand in hand with the Great Companions — "the goal that was named cannot be countermanded." Neither the "ironical smiles and mockings of those who remain behind," nor the "beckonings of love," nor the hold of the "reach'd hands," avail to detain those on whom has flashed, for a brief moment, the illumination from the "orb of many orbs" —

> "Thou peerless, passionate, good cause,
> Thou stern, remorseless, sweet idea,
> Deathless throughout the ages, races, lands."

Always mindful of the spirituality of the bond which unites all who have taken up arms for freedom, Whitman infuses us with the consciousness of the vastness and inexhaustibility of the issues —

"The joy of being toss'd in the brave turmoil of these times — the promulgation and the path, obedient, lowly reverent to the voice, the gesture of the god, or holy ghost, which others see not, hear not — a little or a larger band — a band of brave and true, unprecedented yet — arm'd and equipt at every point — the members, it may be, separated by different dates and States . . . but always one, compact in soul, conscience-conserving, God-inculcating, inspired achievers, not only in literature, the greatest art, but achievers in all art, a new undying order, dynasty, from age to age transmitted — a band, a class, at least as fit to cope with current years, our dangers, needs, as those who, for their times, so long, so well, in armor or in cowl, upheld and made illustrious the far-back feudal, priestly world."

No one has confronted failure so dauntlessly as he has, nor projected such brave interpretations of its import:

"I play not marches for accepted victors only, I play marches for conquered and slain persons.
Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?
I also say it is good to fall; battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won."

"We try often, though we fall back often. A brave delight, fit for freedom's athletes, fills these arenas, and fully satisfies, out of the action in them, irrespective of success. Whatever we do not attain, we at any rate attain the experiences of the fight, the hardening of the strong campaign, and throb with currents of attempt at least. Time is ample. Let the victors come after us. . . . Yet there is an immortal courage and prophecy in every sane soul that cannot, must not, under any circumstances, capitulate. *Vive*, the attack — the perennial assault! *Vive*, the un-

popular cause — the spirit that audaciously aims — the never-abandon'd efforts, pursued the same amid opposing proofs and precedents."

Noteworthy as a differentiation in method is Whitman's abandonment of the political claims, the assertion of which he leaves to others, relying on "Literature — a new, superb, democratic literature — to be the medicine and lever, and (with Art) the chief influence in modern civilization." This constructive work, for which literature is to be a lever ("great poets and great audiences, too"), is to be no mere surface veneer, but to revolutionize the entire life. "The building up of the masses" is to be accomplished by "building up grand individuals" — centers from which proceed the "quenchless, indispensable fire."

But whatever the method, his supreme faith in liberty remains unabated, and, as to France, when her harsh, discordant natal screams reach him over the waves, his loving response is ever forthcoming:

"Pale, silent, stern, what could I say to that long-accrued retribution?
Could I wish humanity different?
Could I wish the people made of wood and stone?
Or that there be no justice in destiny or time?"

"Then courage, European revolter, revoltress!
For till all ceases neither must you cease.

"I do not know what you are for, (I do not know what I am for myself, nor what anything is for,)
But I will search carefully for it even in being foil'd,
In defeat, poverty, misconception, imprisonment — for they, too, are great."

Carpenter

It remains now to complete our triad. Not amid the clash of swords and armed battalions, but in the tumult of the deadlier strife between classes nearing the long-deferred settlement of arrears, has Edward Carpenter gained the power to speak words. Adjusted to England, as Whitman was to America, moving in and out, accepted by the people, sharing the heroisms of their daily life, identifying himself with all things, witness of continual violations of the law of liberty — he, too, comes with a promise of deliverance, and with exhortation to courage and the daring deed:

"See, you are in prison, and I can give you space;
You are choked down below there, and I can give you the pure intoxicating air of the mountains to breathe;
I can make you a king and show you all the lands of the earth;
And from yourself to yourself I can deliver you."

A promulgator of the gospel of personal honesty, he has done much to simplify the problems as a remedy for which such various recipes have been proposed, emphasizing "the importance of mere personal actions as in a sense preceding all schemes and determining whether they are to ripen to any fruitful end or not." In his impeachment of plutocratic ideals and the luxurious accessories of wealth he is more definitely advocative of the simplification of life than Whitman:

"For a soldier who is going a campaign does not seek what fresh furniture he can carry on his back, but rather what he can leave behind;
Knowing well that every additional thing which he cannot use and handle is an impediment to him."

Thus he dignifies "the sweet and necessary labor of the day," the "few needs, the exhilarated, radiant life." He invites man to uprear himself, to arise once more to dwell with nature, and he tears off the mask from conventions, which stifle all natural instincts — the "puppet-dance of gentility," in which even pleasure is alloyed with the "disgust of repletion," "a polite trap and circle of endlessly complaisant faces bowing you back from all reality," wherein men "condemn themselves to pick oakum of the strands of real life."

"The common and universal" — these contain untold latencies, and it is impossible to go beyond them. Ever exalting lowly and despised things, inwardly refusing or disowning none, Carpenter inquires of whoever would seek to become a savior:

"Who are you who go about to save them that are lost?
Are you saved yourself?

"Have you dropped into the bottomless pit from between yourself and them all hallucination of superiority, all flatulence of knowledge, every shred of abhorrence and loathing?
Is it equal, is it free as the wind between you?"

He counterbalances the ceaseless unrest of the modern world — the needless anxieties, self-imposed obligations, "toy duties." He loosens the "golden hand-cuffs," bidding man "stand indifferent" and by faith make himself master of his life.

"Begin to-day to understand that which you will not understand when you read these words for the first time, nor perhaps when you have read them for the hundredth time.
Begin to-day to understand why the animals are not hurried, and do not concern themselves about affairs, nor the clouds nor the trees nor the stars — but only man — and he but for a few thousand years in history:
[For it is one thing to do things, but another to be concerned about the doing of them.]"

Not for the liberation of the body alone does he sing, but for the freed soul of man, before whose resistless might the hirelings of wealth-conferred power vanish like mists before the dawn.

"For this the heroes and lovers of all ages have laid down their lives; and nations like tigers have fought, knowing well that this life was a mere empty blob without Freedom."

"Of that which exists in the soul, political freedom and institutions of equality, etc., are but the shadows (necessarily thrown); and Democracy in states or constitutions but the shadow of that which first expresses itself in the glance of the eye or the appearance of the skin.
Without these first the others are of no account and need not be further mentioned."

In a young nationality it is perhaps hardly possible to realize the relation of the people to the land, which Carpenter voices incomparably:

"Between a great people and the earth springs a passionate attachment, life-long — and the earth loves indeed her children, broad-breasted, broad-browed, and talks with them night and day, storm and sunshine, summer and winter alike."

"Do you think that England or any land will rise into life, will display her surpassing beauty, will pour out her love, to the touch of false owners — of people who finger bank-notes, who make traffic buying and selling her, who own by force of title deeds, laws, police — who yet deny her, turning their backs upon her winds and waves, and ashamed to touch her soil with their hands?"

"Of those who are truly the People, they are jealous of their land; the woods and the fields and the open sea are covered with their love — inseparable from life."

For "the earth gives her own laws," and it is upon the authority

of these that his condemnation of landlordism is based, and of many sequential abuses inseparable from the system:.

"I come forth from the darkness to smite Thee.—
Who art thou, insolent of all the earth,
With thy faint sneer for him who wins thee bread,
And him who clothes thee, and for him who toils
Daylong and nightlong dark in the earth for thee?
Coward, without a name!
Ignorant curse!—and yet with names as many
Alas! almost as Wealth has. Unclean life
That makest a blight wherever thou alightest!
I smite thee back.
Darest thou yet be seen? (How long, how long,
O patient suffering men, will ye endure?)
Darest thou yet be seen?
I smite thee back. Go, return whence thou camest.
The gardens and the beautiful terraces,
The palaces and theaters and halls
Of our fair cities shall not see thee more."

But this stern defiance is without personal rancor. Wiping a "mirror" and placing it in the hands of these victims to greed, he stands ready to open the door of love whereby they may pass into "joy eternal."

As examples of deliberate incitement to loving fellowship and organized rebellion against industrial serfdom, I am reminded of a volume of "Labor Songs," edited by Edward Carpenter, in which our poets of revolt are each represented. From mass meetings across the ocean I seem to hear the reverberations from a thousand throats, thundered with the rugged fervor of men whose daily bread is at stake, and whose unselfish aims and persistent sacrifice for principle are a menace to exploiters and a

glorification of high endeavor. It is to be regretted that songs so relevant to our theme cannot be introduced here; but hearing them thus, I essay no feeble emulation. Within various combinations of heterogeneous elements unsuspected nuclei are slowly being shaped; these are eventually

> "To form an indissoluble union and compact, a brotherhood unalterable,
> Far-pervading, fresh and invisible as the wind, united in Freedom —
> A golden circle of stamens hidden beneath the petals of humanity
> And guarding the sacred ark."

In the more condensed phases of oligarchic sway and the greater relative intensity of the emotion generated in a smaller area, it is not surprising that Shelley and Carpenter appeal more directly to the sympathies than Whitman does. Passionate lovers of democracy, surrounded on every side by survivals of privilege and monopoly, — beholding the people crucified, — the iron must have entered their very souls. Yet we watch in vain for indications of wavering faith in the midst of scenes of depression. In "the great coherent Whole," "all is well to-day and a million years hence, equally." Differences of external conditions explain also occasional distinct variations in tone. One can hardly conceive of the weary, burden-bearing children of our age, crowded in slums and alleys of Old World cities, responding to Whitman's heroic challenges and joyous martial music, addressed to enterprising settlers, imbued with pluck and energy to conquer new territory, to level primeval forests, and to bring into cultivation the virgin soil. But to the tired wanderers Carpenter gently draws near with assurances of peace and rest, and words of consolation and encouragement inexpressibly sweet. In this way he

fortifies them to fill their places in ranks marching to certain victory.

His attitude towards success is characteristic, and comes with timely warning to stem the rising tide of ambition:

"If you are successful in all you do, you cannot also battle magnificently against odds;
If you have fortune and good health and a loving wife and children, you cannot also be of those who are happy without these things.
Covet not overmuch. Let the strong desires come and go; refuse them not, disown them not; but think not that in them lurks finally the thing you want."

Like Whitman, Carpenter is free from all taint of asceticism. Evil is not an objective foe to be slain by soldiers of the cross, — a supernaturally endowed, maleficent spirit to be exorcised by mortification of the flesh or magic incantation, — but rather a magnificent, benign force, a part of the mighty cosmos, to be subjugated by the soul of man, co-operated with, fraternized with. Man no longer renders abject homage to a tyrant, a bogey, but arises, erect, triumphant, equal in majesty and power.

"For (over and over again) there is nothing that is evil except because a man has not mastery over it; and there is no good thing that is not evil if it have mastery over a man;
And there is no passion, or power, or pleasure, or pain, or created thing whatsoever, which is not ultimately for man and for his use — or which he need be afraid of, or ashamed at."

Such restoration of harmony is the realization of the refusal of the ego to submit to aught exterior (Whitman's permanent attitude towards "irrational things"); it is "to be indeed a God!"

"I conceive a millennium on earth — a millennium not of riches nor of mechanical facilities, nor of intellectual facilities, nor absolutely of immunity from disease, nor absolutely of immunity from pain; but a time when men and women all over the earth shall ascend and enter into relation with their bodies — shall attain freedom and joy."

This prophecy suggests questions which we have been unable to discuss here. It may, however, aid us much in the right understanding of democratic literature and ideals to note the allusion therein to the intellectual, the disproportional development of which is detrimental to true enlightenment. Hence this further injunction:

"Take care (I have warned you before) how you touch these words: with curious intellect come not near lest I utterly destroy you: but come with bold heart and true and careless, and they shall bless you beyond imagination."

Whitman's Altruism

AMONG the worshippers of graven images and the iconoclasts, the pleasure-seekers and the ascetics, Whitman towers majestic. Those of them who have emancipated themselves from leading-strings and self-thraldom, in their transition to higher planes, discern the dim outlines of truth. They decipher the larger characters distinguishable on the one facet before them, and offer to mankind the message, more or less dogmatically, as a complete panacea. Occasionally one, more adventurous than his fellows, has ventured near enough to read the words in smaller type, and has reached a standpoint from whence other aspects of the ideal become visible; sometimes it has been a mere bird's-eye view which has been gained, useful for correcting the fallacious reports of the one-sided witnesses, but lacking in definiteness and proportion. If one, now and again, has made a more favorably focussed detour, the would-be pioneer has usually withdrawn in affright, too timid to face the lucent manifestations reserved for the stout-hearted, fearing even to confess to the world the revelations that have been vouchsafed to him.

It has seemed to me that Whitman — he who would go farther than the farthest — is one who has pointed men not to one facet only, but who, refusing to accept a partial view, has had the courage to encompass truth and to declare with sonorous voice that which he beholds. Those who have traveled with him, "loos'd of limits and imaginary lines," indifferent as to whether victory or defeat await them, — those who have ringing in their ears his bugle-call, "Yourself, yourself, yourself, forever and

ever," — know well how inimitably he has sung of personality and proclaimed the joys of self-realization. They know, also, that when he sings of "One's-Self, a simple, separate person," in the next line he utters the word "En-masse." It therefore surprised me somewhat to find the poet characterized as "anti-altruistic." Having the master's authority for distrusting the accounts of his friends, I have endeavored to decide for myself how far such a dictum is justifiable, claiming a like distrust for any tentative words I may write.

To the singer of the universal I venture to think there are few opportunities for applying the prefix "anti."

> "I have the idea of all and am all, and believe in all."
>
> "(Have I forgotten any part? anything in the past?
> Come to me whoever and whatever, till I give you recognition.)"

All-inclusive, embracing and summarizing every religion and philosophy, adopting "each theory, myth, god and demi-god," recognizing the underlying unity of all, there must yet be some basis for the conclusion — which I have heard expressed on more than one occasion — that he is antagonistic to altruism. The fact which has given birth to this allegation is, I opine, as before hinted, his grand conception of personality. We have become so accustomed to reformers who, in their partisan zeal for the special little "ism" which most appeals to them, see everything outside in shadow which falls densest on objects immediately opposite, that we are unprepared for the comprehensiveness of the all-encloser. It is needless to cite instances. The point at issue is whether it is not rather an assumption than a fact that Whitman's egoism excludes altruism.

Logically and obviously egoism precedes altruism, and, like many neglected elementary lessons, needs to be emphasized in the higher education which is to result in a sane, self-directing unit. It is true also that a study of philosophical egoism has materially enlarged our conception of its scope, and possibly a definition of it might be formulated which would connote consideration for the welfare of others. But this, I take it, is outside the common acceptation of the term, and therefore irrelevant to our present purpose. Similarly, altruism might, and probably should, be amplified to include self-regarding functions, — indeed, it is so defined by eminent authorities, — which increases the difficulty of the anti-altruistic postulate. With a deepening sense of the interrelatedness of life, and the impossibility of isolating ourselves from our fellows, it becomes apparent that an absolute distinction is untenable. A finely adjusted ethical balance demands the rejection of neither.

If we proceed to interrogate Whitman's life and works we find much in the former that is altruistic to the point of self-sacrifice — notably, the tender nursing of the dear camerados in the war which left him bankrupt of physical health.

"I do not ask the wounded person how he feels, I myself become the wounded person."

Such perfect sympathy is rare.

"If you become degraded, criminal, ill, then I become so for your sake."

And this, to the poor wounded boy whom he never knew:

"Yet I think I could not refuse this moment to die for you, if that would save you."

In "Leaves of Grass" the non-egoistic passages are numerous:

> "Behold, I do not give lectures or a little charity —
> When I give I give myself."
>
> "I will scatter myself among men and women as I go,
> I will toss a new gladness and roughness among them."
>
> "I have given alms to every one that ask'd, stood up for the stupid and crazy, devoted my income and labor to others . . .
> Claim'd nothing to myself which I have not carefully claim'd for others on the same terms."

This self-revealing language is not that of one indifferent to the welfare of others. It expresses, moreover, no mere mental abstraction, but a "living impulse," surely. Every page pulsates with the warm vitality of him whose "spirit has passed in compassion and determination round the whole earth." It is this fluidity, this radiation of love, which attracts "by more than attraction," and is potent to produce the great magnetic personality in order to develop which he exhorts a pupil to "if need be give up all else."

Nay, more. Since "each is not for his own sake," he deems even self-denying action compatible with his comprehensive conception of the self-poised ego. Hence he tells us:

> "All the world have I given up for my dear brothers' and sisters' sake, for the soul's sake."

Congruently with this personal avowal, he extols

> "All self-denial that stood steady and aloof on wrecks, and saw others fill the seats of the boats,
> All offering of substance or life for the good old cause, or for a friend's sake, or opinion's sake."

And likewise, in "Passage to India":

> "What cheerful willingness for others' sake to give up all?
> For others' sake to suffer all?"

Corroborative passages might be multiplied. The equitable mind of the poet is constantly disinterestedly regardful of others —"as if it were not indispensable to my own rights that others possess the same." In such copious, vivifying utterances there is little danger of being betrayed by the letter and losing the spirit, for the latter so pervades the former that they are practically dissociable. His pages contain no "empty words."

A more synthetical survey is equally convincing. His boundless sympathy and fervid joy in others predominate. Altruism is a predicable consequence of deep spiritual insight and recognition of the subjectivity of God. Yet, let it be noted, it is altruism born not of self-humiliation and self-depreciation, but of self-esteem and self-reverence — the fruition of the democratic spirit — such reverence for self and others as conduces to an erect, hospitable attitude of the soul. If a man of Whitman's stature needs labeling, then "ego-altruistic" is, I submit, more apt. Egoism and altruism, long divorced, are reconciled in the cosmic consciousness. Gladly I welcome their reunion.

Prominent among reconcilers stands Hegel, whose points of contact with Whitman it is interesting to trace:

"The way to self-realization is through self-renunciation — *i. e.*, through the renunciation of that natural and immediate life of the self which is opposed to the not-self. . . . As it is a condition of our intellectual life that we exist for ourselves only, as other things and beings exist for us, so it is the condition of our

practical life that we realize ourselves only as we live for other ends and beings than ourselves. . . . For it is only in breaking down the boundary that separates our life from the life of others that we can at the same time break down the boundary that prevents their life from becoming ours."

Without overestimating the importance of altruism in the evolution of character, we may yet note that the ability to sacrifice for the good of others has been one of the invariable equipments of heroism. It is the necessity of this ability to sacrifice, and the value, incidentally, of its results to the individual, that are enforced in the "Song of Prudence":

. . . "That the young man who composedly peril'd his life and lost it has done exceedingly well for himself without doubt,
That he who never peril'd his life, but retains it to old age in riches and ease, has probably achiev'd nothing for himself worth mentioning."

Biological bases for both egoism and altruism are not wanting. The promptings of self-interest are manifest in the process of nutrition, and the surrender of love is apparent in parental and sexual relationships. The altruistic element in nature, erstwhile engulfed in the evolutionist's struggle-for-existence principle, has been carefully extricated by Kropotkin, J. Arthur Thomson, and others. The voluntary mutual aid evolved by ants, and other subhuman communities, points to the time when the actions of men shall become spontaneously mutual — when men shall no longer be driven in the paths of social rectitude at the point of the bayonet or the policeman's baton.

History, however, furnishes countless examples of the undue exaltation of self-sacrifice, till it becomes an end, limiting spiritual growth. The evils of the excessive fostering of the self-ab-

negating spirit, uncounterbalanced by more robust ideals, have been amply attested by the religious asceticism which this century has, happily, mostly outgrown, and by the artificial types of womanhood and extreme differentiation of the sexes which survive at the present time. A violent rebound is the natural tendency. "Up to a certain point," as Spencer puts it, "altruistic action blesses giver and receiver, beyond a certain point it curses giver and receiver." To avoid confusion of thought it is essential to discriminate between legitimate altruism, which is for the good of all, and its morbid counterpart, which is in reality a disguised selfishness.

Individualism versus Organization

AS a result of the development of the individualistic ideal, it is not surprising to find a number of advanced people whose cardinal virtue is that they do not "join anything"; and the propagandist who is less a partisan than an idealist — a truth-seeker, willing to revise his principles continually by the light of accumulated experience — is compelled to pause and weigh the advantages of organization and the co-operative methods he recommends. The disadvantages have been glaringly obvious to many minds, and the contemplation of them has given rise to the present reaction. The domination of the weak by the strong, or by those ambitious of power; the modification of individual differences in conformity with a stereotyped "constitution"; the tendency to mental inertia, the society becoming a prop instead of a stimulus to self-reliance; the possibility of prolonged, half-hearted adherence, from force of habit or difficulty of secession; — these, and such as these, are serious obstacles to the growth of individuality. On the other hand, we are beset by the importunities of people possessed by the club mania, with an exaggerated estimate of the strength of union regardless of compatibility, who feel that the efforts of two or three, "gathered together," are necessarily a blessing to the world.

Hence, with a lively sense of the pros and cons, we press for an answer to the question, Why should one join anything? Why should not one concentrate one's efforts on the enhancement of the brilliancy of one's own individual light, in order to become

"a lantern of strength to men," separate and distinct, and irrespective of other orbs greater or less? The idea appeals to me. With Whitman, I shout, "Yourself, yourself, yourself, forever and ever" — but he does not stop there; neither do I. When I come to consider how one may best enhance this brilliancy, I find that sympathy, co-operation, reciprocity, fellowship, solidarity, are most potent aids, that the individual self and the social self are one and indivisible, and that he who would be completely rounded must disown neither. In organized association the larger self may find satisfaction and contribute to the growth of the lesser self. It has been maintained that self-development and self-devotion are very nearly the same thing, since "we can only develop ourselves by devoting ourselves to objective ends"; while "the only valuable kind of self-denial is that for the sake of objective interests, by devotion to which we are developed." Thus, it may be inferred that individualism and organization are not inherently antagonistic; by deeper analysis the reconciliation is established, and they take their places side by side, with no interposing "versus" as above.

In estimating the important results of association, its value emotionally and in the evolution of sympathy must not be ignored. The mere "intellectual all-in-all" gives little and receives little. Furthermore, the unrestricted interchange of thought is a powerful aid to the attainment of definiteness and a clearer conception of practical possibilities. The more extensive the stores of experience contributing to the elucidation of life's problems the better. Definiteness is a valuable preliminary to strong concerted action when the opportune moment arrives. Few persons deny the need of reform, but with endless diversity of

method the process is painfully slow. Free discussion tends to unanimity in essentials.

The prejudice against any system of organized effort is chiefly due to confusion of thought in regard to the actual source of danger. It is not that organization is in itself inimical to individual development; it is only so when it takes the compulsory form. The voluntary principle in organization is the safeguard of individual liberty.

Some people guard their freedom so jealously that they love only themselves. Their social development has not kept pace with their personal development. "To walk free and own no superior" is a brave ideal, but not to be misapplied into the repudiation of equals. The basic difficulty which has been lost sight of in recent periods of reaction (first, in the reaction from the extreme of self-seeking and greed, and next, in the reaction from the extreme of majority control and state regulation) is the maintenance of a just balance between egoism and altruism, between the centripetal and centrifugal, between isolation and fusion, between identity and totality. We see things one at a time, and thus the two-sidedness of the laws of being eludes us.

Intense individualism, expressing itself in the passionate yearning for freedom, is not adventitious in origin. External freedom symbolizes the freedom of the soul. The soul of man defies coercion and brooks no artificial limits to the experience which its evolution demands. Of equally profound import is the social passion so powerfully manifesting itself to-day in the most varied forms. It is based on the essential oneness of all life, which makes brotherhood not a mere sentiment, but an inherent fact, pointing to ultimate harmony.

Contributing both to individual and collective ends, social effort becomes, somewhat as love is, its own justification. It is an expressible delight to "throb with currents of attempt," heedless of results. But let it not be forgotten that the importance to the evolution of the unit of non-interference in personal concerns is a primary lesson in sociology. The cause of freedom suffers if any individual be restrained against his will, on any pretext.

The remedy for organization in which the old coercive spirit still lingers is to be found in association so infused with the free spirit that opinions of assent and dissent are treated with equal respect, in which individual variation and unconventionality in word and act meet with frank, unreserved welcome.

Ingenuities of Economic Argument

OPEN warfare may give place to covert attack, but progress turns not aside from its appointed course. The "athletic democracy," the sworn allies, fighting in behalf of the "stern, remorseless, sweet idea," scarce pause to heed the shafts of their assailants. Yet the ephemeral expedients adopted in defence of the established social order in various crises of history are not devoid of psychological and sociological interest. Monuments of ingenuity as they often are, though fashioned in perishable clay, it may occasionally be worth while to give them more durable form, if not in the public square, where perhaps they may offend the sensibilities of the enlightened, in archives and museums, as material for future archæologists and historians.

It is in the realm of economics that the cleverest arguments are to be found. Old sophistries are slain and new ones are invoked to support the structure venerated by many as the temple of financial prosperity. President Eliot's exaltation of the "scab" as a "creditable type of nineteenth-century hero" is novel. It is claimed for the scab that "in defence of his rights as an individual he deliberately incurs the reprobation of his fellows, and runs the immediate risk of bodily injury or even death," and that "in so doing he displays remarkable courage and renders a great service to his fellowmen." This view must surprise many good trades-unionists, and I doubt if it ever occurred to the scab himself. It is one of those specious conclusions, not born of experience, which issue from the heated atmosphere of the study, to perish in the first contact with the life-current outside. The

typical scab, I take it, is actuated by very ordinary unheroic self-interest. If he has conscientious objections to trades-unionism, that fact is incidental and not the motive which prompts his action. Were it otherwise there would be instances on record of men abandoning lucrative positions in order to become scabs. As a rule he is not deliberately obeying the behests of a principle of resistance to trades-union tyranny. Up to the time of his backsliding he has perhaps been a good trades-union member, but, lacking in class consciousness, with will too weak to stand the crucial test, he succumbs, terrified lest the wolf, never far off, now cross his threshold. If he is an outsider he is possibly ignorant of the merits of the dispute and not disposed to allow considerations of equity to weigh with him. When President Eliot, in his zeal to do honor to his newly discovered hero, further maintains that he "risks his livelihood for the future and thereby the well-being of his family," the bewilderment increases. The trades-union leaders risk *their* livelihood for the future. The scab is either an employee reluctant to sacrifice his wages and to incur the possible consequences of his employer's vindictiveness, or he is out of work and glad of any opportunity to earn something. In the former case a not unusual inducement is the possibility of promotion; in either case the favor and protection of the employer can often be counted upon as an aid to the aforesaid "remarkable courage."

Heroism does not consist in indifference to scoffs and obloquy, though it may include this. The heroic act is "clean contrary to a sensual prosperity" and "measures itself by its contempt of some external good." The action of the scab cannot be thus defined, for it is the "external good" which he seeks for himself.

The courage to withstand the jeers and censure of his associates is counterbalanced by the cowardice which refuses to risk immediate personal gain for prospective benefits to be shared with his fellow workers.

There is much to be urged against trades-union tyranny, but many people fail to realize that the present alternative to majority rule is autocracy, and that freedom is impossible under the wage system. The organization of labor is an attempt to enable the employee to treat with the employer on more nearly equal terms, and the effectiveness of trades-union methods is dependent upon the unanimity of the support they receive. The strike is the barbaric sword which universal love will one day turn into a plowshare. It is a clumsy weapon at best, but it is "Hobson's choice." When labor is emancipated, "when the slave ceases and the master of slaves ceases," when we begin to have an inkling of the meaning of brotherhood, then all reason for defensive and aggressive tactics is gone. It is necessary to coerce the criminal into respect for the liberty of his fellows. On the same principle the anti-social tendencies of the wage-earner must be checked for the welfare of the community. It is the method, not the end, in either case which is open to question. The courage of the burglar and of the scab is closely allied. Both are the victims of a social system based upon inequality of opportunity, avarice, and self-seeking.

A German writer, Dr. Friedrich Kleinwächter, discussing "das Einkommen," has recently vindicated profits very neatly by showing that they arise "from the ability to foresee and avoid dangers and risks which the average man has not the courage to face nor the skill to avoid." To such a statement an exclamation-point

is perhaps an adequate reply. With the division of labor carried to such an extreme that a man may spend his life in a ceaseless repetition of some detail in mechanism, ability has little opportunity to develop. The conditions likewise have been unfavorable to the promotion of resourcefulness and administrative skill. The monotony, the dullness, the joylessness of his task have converted the human craftsman into a machine. Nevertheless, the ability and the creative power lie latent in the automaton, biding their time. It is a common subterfuge, as Mazzini has pointed out, for the exploiter to seek justification "by appealing to a fact of his own creation." Still, despite all the disadvantages suffered by the toiler, the plutocrat has yet to establish his claim to superiority. Some of us who hold no brief for the profit system have watched in silent marvel the dexterity, the delicacy of manipulation, the promptness and precision, the nicety of calculation, the concentration, manifested in their work by many among the sons of toil, and the comparison with the sons of wealth — enjoyers of that which they are incapable of producing — has risen involuntarily to our minds, till the latter, notwithstanding external polish and acquisitions, seem puerile and dwarfed and disproportioned, and the former the true potentates. The artisan, the navvy, the sailor, place themselves unflinchingly in positions that call for daily exhibitions of courage, and men of such sterling type may well regard with contempt the empty taunts and assumptions of kid-glove braves. Age after age witnesses potential Christs bearing crosses to crucifixions to which man will one day turn with quickened sympathies and purified will.

Many earnest progressive people stumble over the "risks" of capital. They contend that as the risks are assumed exclusively

by the capitalist he is entitled to the exorbitant remuneration which he exacts. Those who take this stand are apparently unaware of the daily risks of the wage-earner. It would seem that in some directions the education of the "poor rich" has been sadly neglected. Let us compare these risks. The employer is dependent for success upon the market, upon his wisdom in the choice of supervisors, his reputation, shrewdness, etc., and when he is unfortunate in these respects he risks the reduction of his share of the profits from, say, sixteen times that of his employees to six times (the figures are unimportant for our present purpose). The worst that can befall him is insolvency. The employee runs the risk of being discharged at any moment on various pretexts: fluctuations in the demand for labor, changes in fashion, the introduction of new methods or machinery, the caprice of a foreman, and, more rarely, his own incompetency or intractability.

In view of these considerations and others that might be cited, it needs no statistics to prove that the average employee is in more frequent danger of being out of employment than is the average employer of being insolvent. Furthermore, when such calamity falls to either the power of recuperation is considerably greater in the one case than in the other. The capitalist usually has wealthy and influential connections who can help him financially or with "influence" either to regain his position or to enter another field in which technical knowledge is not required. If he has sprung from the moneyed classes he has probably had the benefit of superior education and greater leisure for culture, which are valuable equipments in making a fresh start; though it is but fair to admit that he may suffer acutely from false pride and an ingenuous desire to keep up appearances. The wage-earner

has friends as helpless as himself. He may have devoted his life to the acquirement of facility in production in one branch of his trade, and one only. He has had little leisure for the development of his brain, has perhaps been ill-born, ill-paid, and ill-nourished mentally and physically. Among the anxieties of the wage-earner, sickness is one of the most appalling. To him this means the cessation of his wages and destitution for those dependent upon him. The income of the capitalist, on the other hand, is oftentimes unaffected to any great degree by his absence from business.

Usually such reasoning as I have quoted above is so insidiously intertwined with truths or half-truths that, when presented with benevolent intent, it obtains credence with and captivates the judgment of those whose experience it transcends and who, like its originators, wish to believe it. It is a result of looking at the world, not as an harmonious whole, but as a chaotic conglomeration of opposing factions with diverse interests and destinies. Nothing demonstrates more forcibly how far we are at present from the apprehension of equality. The complacency with which we accept the blessings of our heaven of limited dimensions is only equalled by our indifference to the curse which it entails on all in the vast hell without. The old hymn,

> "Not more than others I deserve,
> Yet God has given me more,"

summarizes the common conception of divine justice. The trend of public opinion, backed by the orthodox economics, has, of course, utterly confused the general intelligence in regard to the distinction between the indebtedness of society to the non-pro-

ductive capitalist for the use of his capital, and to the non-capitalist productive classes for the various services rendered by them. Yet it would seem that no amount of legal or scholastic support could perpetuate the social chaos which we dignify with the name of civilization, and the serfdom which we countenance under the banner of freedom. If our eyes were not dazzled by the glitter of gold, and our ears deafened by the cries of false prophets, we should surely discern the simple underlying unity of life and should co-operate with nature toward the fruition.

When the ship is riddled with holes, it were wiser to take to the boats than to catch at straws.

The Last Stand against Democracy in Sex

THE love of pictorial fame will perhaps be the last stronghold to yield to the increasingly urgent demand for democracy in sex. It may be that the desire for admiration has its place in certain stages of development, but the desire to win it not by distinction of character but by extrinsic adornment has long been an insidious impediment to progress. Well might Whitman, in his consideration of the materialistic advancement of the United States and his searching diagnosis of the failure of New World democracy "in its social aspects and in really grand religious, moral, literary, and esthetic results," lay heavy stress on "the entire redemption of woman out of these incredible holds and webs of silliness, millinery, and every kind of dyspeptic depletion" as a factor of primary importance in the new sociology.

Physiologists, rational-dress reformers, and Audubon societies have done good service in calling attention to the more flagrant violations of the laws of health and humanity — sometimes they have done more than this; nevertheless the pictorial ideal maintains its hold. True, the number of women is decreasing who may be described as

> "Unhappy statuettes and miserable trinkets,
> Poor alabaster chimney-piece ornaments under glass cases,"

but they may still sacrifice dignity, concentrative power, comfort, leisure, culture, art, beauty, individuality, on this altar of fashion, and society applauds. Specialists ardent for emancipation dismiss these facts and focus their energies on the removal of the par-

ticular grievances that appeal to them. They do not remember that "it is not what is done to us but what is made of us that wrongs us." They confess their fear of imperiling the reform they have at heart if they attack the popular idols. Higher education, the franchise, economic independence, — these will bring about the millennium of freedom and equality. What are the results of this indifference? The perpetuation of the ideal of subserviency in which women are regarded as adjuncts, objects of use or pleasure, or both. Thus woman appeals primarily to the body of man, not to his soul.

The degradation has penetrated deep. Witness such paragraphs as the following, in a daily of such repute as the Boston *Herald:*

"As usual, lovely woman and her clothes are receiving more attention at Madison Square Garden than the finest horses. Even the men admit it. Considering this to be the case, why not create a diversion in what is a rather hackneyed show, and award the blue ribbon or a 'highly commended' to the best-dressed and the smartest woman? Trot her out on the tanbark, and let 's see who does the greatest credit to her dressmaker."

And this, in the same column: "O fickle loveliness! Tired already of the 'blouse effect'?" Similar things are printed time and again, and no one thinks of resenting them. Why do not the women suffragists and sex reformers make a decided stand against this continual posing, this craving for spectacular effect?

The mighty "they say" awes even the enlightened. Absurdities devised for the beguilement of idle hands and the diversion of empty brains tempt busy hands to embarrass themselves with needless tasks and pervert the judgment of well-equipped intel-

lects. The endless waste of human labor is appalling. Conformity necessitates either dependence or slavery — dependence upon the labor of others where pecuniary resources are unlimited, or slavery for the individual, combined with gratuitous anxieties, where economy rules. What is admirable to-day is contemptible to-morrow. Let no one personally guiltless of these sins think he can withdraw himself from the ignominy. Whatever degrades one member of a sex degrades all, and an insult offered to one sex is an insult to both.

Men are not only sufferers from these toy ideals; they are also offenders. Their love of ostentation and sense of what is due to their self-importance often cause them to demand in the dress of wives and sisters an exhibit of financial prosperity. At the summer resorts, or in any form of outdoor recreation, the gulf between the interests of men and women is painfully apparent. The men find strenuous, adventurous, health-giving enjoyment in all weathers, but the women have to consider whether the possible damage to their wardrobe makes it worth while to quit the safe alternative of the rocking-chair and novel. Genuine comradeship is possible only when the man becomes effeminate or when the woman to some extent rationalizes her costume. Draperies that incapacitate for practical work might, if fitness were the standard, be reserved for occasions of festivity, where they would enhance the gaiety and need not be restricted to one sex.

Concentration on the external naturally breeds neglect of the body. Hence the shame of the physical, parent of grave ethical disaster. Even in a woman's gymnasium, where some appreciation of the dignity of the body might be expected, the rule for

restricting the wearing of the gymnasium suit to one part of the building is enforced without protest, lest profane eyes behold the human form in garments so eminently sensible and decent and suited to the requirements of free and graceful motion.

The conventional poison is imbibed very young. Juvenile critics manifest their lofty disapproval of any deviation from the authorized width or pointedness of shoes, or the regulation length of skirts, while the fondness for inartistic artificial floral adornment and for decorations derived from the plumage of slaughtered birds is equally precocious. Paper dolls, modeled upon the latest matured atrocities in style, contribute to the vitiation of the form and color sense, and prepare the young students to graduate in due season as "animated clothes-pegs." Thereafter the milliner and dressmaker, experts in the technique of their trade, but, with rare exceptions, without a knowledge of the first principles of art, wield absolute sway on matters in which such knowledge should be indispensable. The eye has adapted itself to meretricious design. For head-gear the most heterogeneous and tawdry masses of material are held up for admiration. A minority with some natural feeling for form and color and fitness are vaguely dissatisfied but helpless, and so the divorce between art and life is perpetuated. Everywhere the same depressing uniformity, or attempt at uniformity. Even the immigrants hasten to discard their picturesque national costumes for the prevailing mode. Thus a legitimate source of joy is eliminated from the streets and from places of public assembly.

The evidences of the power of fashion and the devotion of its votaries, after all, but express pathetic aberrations of the love of the beautiful which will dethrone the usurper and transform

the world. These blind gropings are prophecies. Something beautiful is evolved now and then by accident, and wins deserved but unintelligent admiration. Novelty is sought because it is mistaken for beauty. No one who has once looked with appreciation on a group of artists in Liberty woolens, in art colors, simply made, gracefully following the lines of the figure, could ever again fall into this error; and perhaps no one who has not had the advantage of some similar basis of comparison can realize what we lose by submission to the ancient tyranny.

Inequality in Divorce

THE telegraphic report of Ingersoll's address before the Militant Church congregation, Chicago, contains the following passage:

"I make a difference between granting divorce to a man and to a woman, and for this reason: a woman dowers her husband with her youth and beauty. He should not be allowed to desert her because she has grown wrinkled and old. Her capital is gone, her prospects in life lessened, while, on the contrary, he may be far better able to succeed than when he married her. As a rule, the man can take care of himself, and, as a rule, the woman needs help. So I would not allow him to cast her off, unless she had flagrantly violated the contract. But for the sake of the community, and especially for the sake of the babes, I would give her a divorce for the asking."

Such obvious generosity of motive tends to disarm criticism. It behooves those who have wrestled long with privilege, and finally driven him from their midst with heavy scourges of ignominy, to be on the alert for his reappearance under a new guise.

Vices do not become virtues by transplantation. I find myself as ready to resent special favors and immunities for women as for men, just as I resent the theory that, in its rebound from the old idea of inferiority and subordination, places woman on a pedestal, proffering vain adulation. The underlying principle in each is a violation of the law of equality and is a snare. The privileges are a mirage concealing an abyss; the adulation is rarely sincere, is partial, and not preclusive of demands for menial service.

Truly the laws are far from embodying our ideals, and it may be claimed that to give women the advantage in this respect is the most equitable and only practicable course under existing conditions. But the supposed necessity arises from economic conditions that are rapidly disappearing, and from effete customs that such concessions as that proposed by Ingersoll will aid in perpetuating. We long submit to regulations that have outlived their beneficence. Agitation for legislative reform should not lag far behind the advance-guard of thought. The more space the enactment leaves for the growth of ideal the better; with the utmost elasticity the limit will only endure for a season. Unless it has seriously enfeebled the social organism, when at length it is burst asunder it will not need to be replaced, and the allegiance accorded to the ancient, uncouth good may be transferred to the new-found, indwelling truth. The god without yields precedence to the god within.

To many, however, the statute-book is a teacher; public opinion, a priest. No more immoral lesson could, from my point of view, be promulgated than the suggestion that it is righteous to retain by legal bonds the person of another whose spirit has become alien. To the developed woman it would be an intolerable spiritual degradation for material ends.

The circumstances that have enlisted such valiant championship are presumably those in which, the woman having sacrificed her body, the law may legitimately come to the rescue and secure to her maintenance and care during incapacity and sickness. Her health and material comfort, however — considering the matter on the lowest plane — will be ill-attained by condemning her to the unwilling companionship of an uncongenial temperament, or

by making her dependent on grudgingly bestowed support. In such situations the only appeal is to the moral conscientiousness of the husband and to his sense of responsibility for voluntarily incurred obligations. Public opinion may further aid in stimulating him to disinterested action. Failing this, the law is impotent. By a noble impulse, spontaneous or suggested, another's interest may be subserved, and good may accrue therefrom. The enforced exaction is barren and worthless. The right adjustment of differences cannot fail to follow naturally the awakening of inborn justice and generosity consequent upon the weakening of external authority.

With the diffusion of more enlightened ideals of sex relationships a rapid decrease in the recurrence of such unhappy cases may be predicted. In taking it for granted that the woman, as a rule "needs help," Ingersoll must surely have mistaken the frail exotic for the normal type after the manner of those who classify women as invalids (see "Man and Woman," Havelock Ellis, pp. 246 f.), when a more searching glance might have revealed to him in outline the coming generations of reverent, sane livers — radiant in health, "strong, well equipped in muscle and skill," self-owning and self-dependent. It is not surprising that he should have been betrayed into hasty generalization, for the forced artificial product has well-nigh crowded out the native growth, and at times has threatened to exterminate it. Never extinct, it survives, by a singular misuse of terms, in the so-called New Woman, and has its imitators in another abnormal type, more correctly termed "new," which can boast of nothing more than a superficial resemblance to the model which it parodies. We are accustomed to numerous pathological deviations from the normal in

both sexes, but we have hitherto avoided the absurdity of basing legislation for the entire community on the requirements of our hospital population, and should probably continue to avoid doing so even if the relative proportions were reversed.

"Youth and beauty" will not be the "capital" of the economically freed woman. I am unfamiliar with Ingersoll's economic views, and therefore in protesting against his assignment of a commercial value to attractiveness of outward form, and the assumption that a woman's "prospects in life" are dependent on this, I must disclaim any attempt to interpret him or to criticise his prevalent attitude. Of course, from such meagre data, I may have unwittingly travestied his position. The passage, however, as it stands, is repellent both in sentiment and expression, and unless amplified or amended must be taken as reported. The paragraph preceding the one quoted, to which I take no exception, shows that, in some respects at least, he has realized the fundamental essentials of the problem. His present attitude is probably an instance of the persistence of a feeling which has been fostered in the race for centuries, and has at length become organic, and which, however contrary to the judgment, cannot be suddenly eliminated. Similar survivals of sentiment are continually conflicting with new ideals of womanhood. Like the solicitude of the too-indulgent parent, such paternalism is a mistaken kindness which the full-grown woman must be strong to resist. Freedom and inequality seldom fraternize.

Ordinarily the opponents of divorce are haunted by a vague dread of impending social chaos in the event of any commutation of what Edward Carpenter terms the "life-sentence." They would preserve the sanctity of the home by a profanation of love.

Ingersoll has too just an appreciation of the value of freedom to fall into this error, and too practical a mind to ignore the consequences of such a fallacy on the offspring of the coerced; but that does not prevent his countenancing a relationship still more dishonoring to women. With the best intentions, he would have them sell their birthright for the merest mess of pottage. Not thus, O women, will you gain freedom! Everything has its price, but here the cost has been estimated too highly. The petty advantages to be given in exchange are not worthy to be compared to the joys attainable by the untrammeled, self-poised soul. Let our faith in freedom be above doubt. Our timid little concessions to expediency trail it in the dust. We do not give it a chance to soar aloft where it may command the homage of upward-striving humanity.

Being as yet mastered by and not the masters of our instruments, our efforts are fraught with pain. In marriage, as elsewhere, mistakes involve suffering. But this fact is inherent and beyond our power to circumvent. Artifice will not avail. It is important to note, however, that the inevitable suffering is greatly aggravated by the domination of false ideals, and that it will not be lessened by external pressure. What was stated above, with regard to the effects of enforced companionship on material comfort, applies with infinitely greater force to mental and spiritual well-being. The point which Ingersoll seems sometimes to miss is the one permanent factor,— the value of the results of experience to the individual. At some stages of growth the soul can only evolve through suffering. Thence it emerges, not embittered, but seeking for the expression of the love-force higher channels. The true source of strength has been sensed by those who

remain steadfast, who rise above disappointment, and who continue firm in faith and of good courage. Prescient with the wisdom that no vicarious experience can confer, they refuse to chain themselves to the past, and the future heaven stands revealed. "When half-gods go the gods arrive."

It is the perception of that which lies deeper than all personal ties which urges representatives of diverse schools to unite in opposing the arbitrary attempts, whether of minorities or majorities, to regulate other lives in accordance with approved models. If men and women find their highest in lifelong unions, the open door will not entice them. Neither will unity be secured by turning the key. The eternal verities cannot be violated, but reality may be mocked by the preservation of a hollow semblance. Equality seems the hardest lesson to be learned; we trifle with it continually and accept unworthy substitutes.

Marriage Safeguards

AN item of British news, which I find reported at length in the London *Daily Chronicle*, October 28 and 30 [1895], furnishes significant comment on Grant Allen's recent contribution to the marriage question. The facts are briefly as follows:

Edith Lanchester, of Battersea, England, twenty-four years of age, an active socialist and a candidate for West Lambeth at the School Board election last year, after matriculating at London University, elected to live her own life and become self-supporting. At first she earned her livelihood as a school-teacher, but her views on social questions being too advanced for the Maria Grey Training-School, where she was for some time engaged, she subsequently acquired a knowledge of shorthand and typewriting and obtained office work. Whilst so occupied she took up her residence with Mr. and Mrs. Gray, prominent members of the Social Democratic Federation, and the latter a Guardian of the Poor for the Wadsworth and Clapham Union. She was generally understood for some three or four years past to have been affianced to James Sullivan, "a young artisan of good character and much intelligence, who was also an earnest worker in the socialist ranks, and generally liked." Since the publication of "The Woman Who Did," however, Edith Lanchester, "against whose high character and purity of motive not one word can be said," resolved not to conform to marriage laws which she regarded as dishonoring to women. This view being shared by James Sullivan, and both having the courage of their convictions, they prepared a comfortable home with the intention of living together

without marriage ceremony, civil or religious. But Miss Lanchester's father, a fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, in "good position," and other relatives, determined upon practical opposing action. Her father, three brothers, and a doctor accordingly proceeded to her residence and, during Mrs. Gray's temporary absence from the room, forcibly conveyed her to a brougham, which was in waiting, and drove away. In her violent struggles she broke one of the windows of the carriage, but the men — one of whom was of herculean proportions — prevented further resistance by tying her hands and threatening to tie her legs if she were not quiet. She was thus conveyed to a private asylum on the doctor's certification that he had discovered signs of mental aberration. Thanks to aid that might not have been so readily forthcoming in the case of any one less prominently associated with social work, and to the publicity given to the whole proceedings through the press, she was released a few days later. The Lunacy Commissioners were moved to act, and their inquiry satisfied them that there was no just reason for her detention.

According to the reports, there appears not to have been the slightest warrant for the doctor's certification, beyond the fact of Edith Lanchester's heterodox views. John Burns was among those instrumental in securing her release, while numerous people, including the Marquis of Queensberry, wrote to John Sullivan, offering help. A revolt which elicits the sympathies of birds of such diverse feather will hardly be quelled by straight-jacket or prison-gyve.

Whatever marriage forms may in future be deemed most favorable to individual development, and thence promoting the

best interests of society, it is obvious that any woman who has outgrown the conventional ideals may well hesitate to place herself under the jurisdiction of existing marriage laws. It is futile and inhuman to put such a heavy price on freedom as to deter all but the most heroic souls from the quest. It requires but little imagination to realize the bitterness which such indignities as the above forcible incarceration must have entailed on a finely wrought nature, true to conviction beyond the mere lip-loyalty of less sensitive types. The world continually puts a premium on insincerity. An institution needing to be sustained by such an iniquitous expedient as the abduction cited would appear to have little inherent vitality.

This is but one among many instances in which the worship of the symbol has degenerated into a mere superstition, blinding its adherents to the reality symbolized. And here the reality, which law and public opinion have attempted to stereotype, is too valuable to be sacrificed on the altar of custom; it is nothing less than a union based on such free and spontaneous love as compulsion renders impossible.

> "Ne may love be compelled by maistery;
> For soon as maistery comes, sweet love anon
> Taketh his nimble wings and soon away is gone."

Since, then, the self-appointed custodians of morality are determined to preserve the artificial bond, without modification, at whatever cost, there seems no alternative for freedom-lovers but to unite in a crusade against the enforced irrevocable contract, for the protection of truer marriage relations — not, indeed, as Grant Allen and others insist, because women's "social and

moral salvation" lies in maternity, or that voluntary celibacy is to be regarded as a misfortune, but in order that men and women alike may be untrammeled in their choice of such life conditions as they deem best calculated to promote their all-round development. In this way only will the cast-iron codes — more rigid, perhaps, in sex matters than any other — give place to a saner, more democratic attitude, encouraging freer relationships based on sympathy, enduring affection, and "sweet, eternal, perfect" comradeship. The scaffolding required to rear the structure above the mere physical groundwork, when the higher planes are reached, will have served its purpose and may be removed without disaster. The distinction between essentials and non-essentials cannot be too much emphasized.

Whether the effort to live one's ideals, even in the face of social ostracism, should be termed self-sacrifice or self-realization depends, of course, on one's philosophy. Herminia Barton's "martyrdom" was attributable perhaps fully as much to the "blank pessimism" which Grant Allen declares to be "the one creed possible for all save fools" as to the anachronistic laws against which she so devotedly precipitated herself for a season. With a deeper faith, her daughter's reversion and failure to fulfil her expectations, far from being overwhelming, would have been simply a spur to continue the relentless struggle for principle, without the distraction of personal ties.

The story of Herminia Barton has already been sufficiently discussed, but it may be noted in passing that the author has somewhat confused the main issues by questionable generalizations, occasional exaggerations of statement, and a tendency to push his points beyond their logical conclusions. His heroine's

admittedly exclusive attention, from her youth up, to one set of problems was prejudicial to the complete self-emancipation which her experiment demanded. Almost every page bristles with controvertible points, whether examined by conventional or radical tests. The timely incarnation, therefore, of Herminia Barton's rare courage and scorn of compromise, and the persecuting spirit which it aroused, cannot fail to be profoundly suggestive to minds alert for the momentous social revolution that is even now in process.